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FEBRUARY, 1943

Troubadour and Warrior — — Marie McCabe

Soldier's Wife — — — Marie A. Thomas

War Bonds — — — — Dorothy R. Cronin

Editorials

The Pack of Autolycus

Current Books

EMMANUEL COLLEGE



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VOLUME XVI

FEBRUARY, 1943

NUMBER 1

TROUBADOUR AND WARRIOR

Marie McCabe, '43

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, during the great "war to end war", a young sergeant of the famous "Fighting Sixty-ninth" went ahead of his comrades in an effort to discover a suspected German machine-gun nest, in the "Wood of the Burned Bridge". He was found later, apparently still on the look-out, a bullet through his brain. Thus one of the most ringing voices in the chorus of minor American Catholic poets was stilled. Thus Joyce Kilmer met his death.

That bullet put an end to a life short in itself, every minute of which was lived to the full. Kilmer was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, December 6, 1886. Graduating from Rutgers Preparatory School in 1904, he attended Rutgers College for two years, then transferred to Columbia University, from which he received his degree in 1908. Two weeks after his graduation, he married Miss Aline Murray. Five children were born to them—Kenton, Rose, Deborah, Michael, and Christopher.

Five years after his marriage, in November, 1913, Joyce Kilmer and his wife entered the Catholic Church. "If what I nowadays write is considered poetry," he once said, "then I became a poet in November, 1913." Certainly, his conversion put a definite end to his youthful and enthusiastic admiration and imitation of such *emancipated* writers as Richard Le Gallienne and Bliss Carman. Their early hold on him had already been greatly weakened by his keen sense of humor, which quickly detected their absurdities, and by his

awakening interest in the works of Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson, and G. K. Chesterton. Patmore, in particular, exercised a great influence upon his writing and his thinking. His reading of a poem like "The Unknown Eros", which he considered "a work of stupendous beauty", strengthened his hearty scorn of "Certain Poets" who have aroused among the general public the belief:

That all who earn their bread by rhyme
Are like yourselves, exuding slime.

With supreme contempt, he cries:

Your tiny voices mock God's wrath,
You snails, that crawl along His path!

* * *

Oh, cease to write, for very shame,
Ere all men spit upon our name!

Take up your needles, drop your pen,
And leave the poet's craft to men!

Joyce Kilmer had already attained moderate success in the field of literature, and seemed destined to assume a more important place among American poets, when the entrance of the United States into the War interrupted his promising career. Despite his increasing domestic responsibilities, he enlisted in the army within three weeks after Congress had declared War. Always a fighter, a zealous member of the Church Militant, he felt that there was no other course open to him. His combative nature would not allow him to remain peacefully on the sidelines while his country was involved in a world conflict. As he wrote proudly:

Upon his will he binds a radiant chain,
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.

He served first in the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, New York. Later he transferred to the 165th Infantry, U.S.A., formerly the famous old "Fighting Sixty-ninth". This change was influenced, no doubt, by his belief that the 165th would see active service sooner than the Seventh, and by the Irish-American character of the 165th, a source of great delight to this "half-Irish" poet, who sang gleefully:

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls shall fill the air with song
And the Shamrock shall be cheered as the port is neared by our
triumphant throng,
With the Potsdam Palace on a truck and the Kaiser in a sack,
New York will be seen one Irish green when the Sixty-ninth comes
back.

He composed very little poetry after he went overseas. He was far more interested in living the life of a soldier than he was in writing about it, else, he said, "I'd have come over as a correspondent, instead of a soldier." Shortly before his death, he wrote to the Reverend Edward F. Garesché, S.J., "You will find me less a bookman when you next see me, and more, I hope, a man." He had become, as Charles L. O'Donnell, Chaplain 332nd Infantry, wrote, "a soldier with a soldier's point of view". He was extremely popular with both officers and enlisted men, and his passing was keenly felt by those to whom death had come to be a common, almost hourly visitant.

Despite the brevity of his life, Joyce Kilmer had accomplished a great deal in the field of letters. Inspired by what he saw and read in Europe, he tried to make a definite Catholic literary movement in America. By letters, lectures, and magazine articles, he strove to convince American Catholics of the necessity and the value of such a movement. Before

his efforts could be crowned with any great degree of success, his work was cut short by the World War. After his death, however, the power of his memory, the appreciation of his life and his art, did a great deal to cement the union of American Catholic authors.

Always a ready writer, Joyce Kilmer was a poet, an essayist, a literary critic, and an interviewer. Despite the haste with which he often worked, and the fact that he sometimes did hack-writing, he regarded his art very seriously. In the lecture, "Philosophical Tendencies in English Literature", he expressed his idea of the use of writing, the purpose which he kept always before him from the moment of his conversion:

So writers may fulfill the purpose for which they were made by writing—may know God better by writing about Him, increase their love of Him by expressing it in beautiful words, serve Him in this world by means of their best talent, and because of this service and His mercy be happy with Him forever in Heaven.

He began his literary career in New York as editor of a journal for horsemen. He was successively retail book salesman, lexicographer, literary editor of *The Churchman*, and finally a newspaperman on the staff of the *New York Times*. It was while he was associated with this newspaper that he developed his own distinctive style of literary interview, which sprang essentially from his ability to lead the subjects of his interviews into making provocative statements from which he could fashion arresting headlines. Interesting examples of his style are collected in a book called *Literature in the Making: by Some of Its Makers*, a series of interviews with famous contemporary authors, from nine of whom he obtained opinions on the perplexing question of the effect which the war was going to have on literature.

Like his interviews, his book reviews had a distinctive flavor. Because they were written under the exigencies of meeting the newspaper deadlines, the judgments were often snap judgments. Nevertheless, they were phenomenally popular because of the humor and cocksureness of the pronouncements, and their reflection of his own wholesome and effervescent personality. Robert Cortes Holiday gives an example of their style, "This is a bad book, a very bad book indeed. It is bad because it makes this reviewer feel old and fat and bald."

His later lectures and essays in literary criticism are more formal in tone, and display more profound thought. Although there is still discernible in these fugitive pieces a certain Kilmerian over-confidence in his opinions, yet they reflect an attempt to present an impartial judgment. They are also concrete evidences of his ceaseless endeavor to fulfill his avowed purpose in writing, to serve God. Many of these essays and lectures, written in the interests of the Catholic Revival, deal with outstanding modern Catholic authors: Francis Thompson, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Lionel Johnson, and G. K. Chesterton. Thompson typified for him the true Catholic poet, who understood "that the proper study of mankind is God". He calls Thompson the "modern laureate of the Catholic Church", but he appreciates the fact that Hopkins was more a true mystic than either Thompson or Lionel Johnson.

He did not confine his criticism to purely Catholic topics, but in other essays treats of William Vaughan Moody, rebelling, without success, against his narrow Puritanism; the versatile, prolific, and individual John Masefield; and the nature poet, Cawein. In "The Bear That Walks Like a Man" he attacks the "literary snobs" who, disregarding the really

great Russian authors, hail with delight the hypocritical and sensual works of Gorky and of Leonidas Andreiev.

Joyce Kilmer's informal essays were written originally as feature articles in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, and later "pasted up" to form a book entitled *The Circus and Other Essays*. The manuscript was promptly rejected by all the publishers to whom it was submitted. Essays were considered very unpopular at that time, and no publisher wished to accept a work which was doomed to certain failure. Finally, the essays were privately printed by Mr. Laurence J. Gomme, one of Kilmer's friends, and were surprisingly well-received.

The most obvious thing about them is their Chestertonian spirit and manner, not only in their similarity to Chesterton's style, as for example, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down; by faith the eight Algerian Aerial Equilibrists stayed up"; but also in the similarity of Kilmer's ideas to those of Chesterton. Like Chesterton, he gloried in interpreting the obvious. Several essays are concerned with the joys of riding on the New York subway and of commuting from the suburbs to the city. They are not written in servile imitation of Chesterton's style. The similarity lies in the characters of the two men.

In spite of these successful prose endeavors, Joyce Kilmer is known primarily as a Catholic poet. He freely admitted the inferiority of the work which he had done before his conversion. Nevertheless, several lovely little lyrics are found in *A Summer of Love*, the volume containing his early poems. He was convinced of the seriousness of his vocation as a poet, and worked diligently for the advancement of poetry in America, particularly in his capacity of Corresponding Secretary of the Poetry Society of America. He conducted the

Poetry Department of *The Literary Digest*, a similar department in *Current Literature*, and wrote an article on poetry four times a year for the *Review of Reviews*.

In all his poetry, the concept of God occupies the primary place, with all His creatures subordinate to Him. As a poet, he was first, last, and always a Catholic. He said, "It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, that nothing else can matter." His efforts to attain this ideal are reflected in all his work.

His married life was extremely happy. His gifted wife, herself a poetess of unusual merit, was peculiarly fitted to understand the soul of this young poet. His early lyrics celebrated his deep love for her. All during his life she remained his inspiration, "loveliness itself", to him "more star-like than a star". Among the poems which bear the specific dedication, "For Aline", was his first attempt at free verse, the exquisite lyric "A Blue Valentine", in which he described her eyes:

. . . like the light coming through blue stained glass.
Yet not quite like it,
For the blueness is not transparent,
Only translucent.
Her soul's light shines through,
But her soul cannot be seen.
It is something elusive, whimsical, tender, wanton, infantile, wise,
And noble.

One of the qualities which Kilmer considered essential to a poet was the power of imagination. In "Japanese Lacquer", an attempt to solve the riddle of Lafcadio Hearn, he affirmed that the cause of Hearn's tragic failure, both as a writer and as a man, was his lack of imagination, his inability to see anything but the forms and outlines of the things about him.

“He had thoroughly the materialistic attitude toward life; he could see only the dull outside of things, not the indwelling splendour”. Kilmer himself possessed a vivid imagination and could appreciate the “indwelling splendour”, the soul of even the humble man whom he immortalized in “Delicatessen”:

Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes, that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendour of humanity!

His simplicity and love of the “splendour of humanity” glorified even the “Servant Girl and Grocer's Boy”, “Dave Lilly”, the drunkard and loafer, and “Main Street” which appealed to him because it was “humaner than any other street”. In “Folly” he prayed for the gift of childlikeness:

Lord, crush our knowledge utterly
And make us humble, simple men;
And cleansed of wisdom, let us see
Our Lady Folly's face again.

With great pride, Joyce Kilmer once said that he used every idea three times; in a poem, in an article, and in a lecture. He wrote a critical essay on “The Poetry of Gerard Hopkins”, stressing his mysticism and his scrupulous word-artistry. Also in the sonnet, “Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J.”, he condensed that essay into the narrow compass of fourteen lines:

Why didst thou carve thy speech laboriously,
And match and blend thy words with curious art?
For Song, one saith, is but a human heart
Speaking aloud, undisciplined and free.
Nay, God be praised, Who fixed thy task for thee!
Austere, ecstatic craftsman, set apart
From all who traffic in Apollo's mart,
On thy phrased pattern shall the Splendour be!

Now, carelessly, we throw a rhyme to God,
Singing His praise when other songs are done.
But thou, who knewest paths Teresa trod,
Losing thyself, what is it thou hast won?
O bleeding feet, with peace and glory shod!
O happy moth, that flew into the Sun!

Although Kilmer himself could never have written the glorious religious poetry of Hopkins, Thompson, or Patmore, yet his love of God shines through everything he wrote; all his work was in praise of God and His Blessed Mother. "The Robe of Christ" is a haunting record of a soul's struggle against temptation, as it flies for strength and refuge to the Blessed Virgin:

I see the Robe—I look—I hope—
I fear—but there is one
Who will direct my troubled mind;
Christ's Mother knows her Son.

O Mother of Good Counsel, lend
Intelligence to me!
Encompass me with wisdom,
Thou Tower of Ivory!

"Gates and Doors" is a charming Christmas ballad, written in the Kilmerian-Chestertonian manner. The first two stanzas will serve to illustrate the simplicity and the depth of his faith, and at the same time his love of humanity:

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

*So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred;
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
To you across the snow.*

"Thanksgiving" expresses the enthusiasm with which, sustained by his love of God, Joyce Kilmer accepted his role in the Church Militant, and strove to perform his duty faithfully:

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,
And the sting of His chastening rod!
Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,
And Oh, thank God for God!

In the months just before the United States entered the War, Kilmer produced fewer poems than he had in the years before. This was significant of his growth, of the maturity reflected in his later work. The results of this growth are seen in the few poems which he wrote during the War. Personal sorrow had come to him, also, with the death of his beloved daughter, Rose, and this deepened the new note of pain which is clearly sensed in his last writings.

"Rouge Bouquet", written a few months before his death, was his "first attempt at versification in a dug-out", a tribute to several of his comrades who were killed by a German shell. It is a movingly beautiful poem through which runs a soft refrain, like:

A delicate cloud of buglenotes
That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!

Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

The effect which the war had on Kilmer is best seen in the oft-quoted "Prayer of a Soldier in France". In this we see him, striving to obtain the gift which he had begged of Saint Michael, whom he called "the thorn on the rose-bush of God":

But when the Devil comes with the thunder of his might,
Saint Michael, show me how to fight!

He is learning how to fight as a soldier of Christ, how to offer his small sacrifice in union with the Sacrifice of Calvary.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

Truly, he had become as he had wished, "more a man", than he had been before. Had he lived, he would have been also more of a poet. Some lines which he wrote "In Memory of Rupert Brooke", are equally fitted to be a memorial to him, another warrior-poet:

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
Today the starry roof of Heaven rings
With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

WAD THE POWER . . .

Marjorie Greene, '43

SIMON looked up at the announcement with a somewhat arrogant smile.

SERVICE MEN'S DANCE TONIGHT

8 to 12 P. M.

Ladies—forty cents.

Men in uniform admitted free.

He read it aloud slowly, in an elaborate manner emphasizing the last word.

"How about it? Want to go in?"

The other two sailors shrugged their shoulders. One of them, his head bent, murmured something about bowling alleys down the street.

"I can't dance," the other added.

"Well, I can. So come on."

Simon pulled off his cap and strolled through the entrance of the Y.M.C.A. building. He stooped from force of habit, although the doorway was, at least, seven feet high. His companions hesitated, gazed regretfully at each other, scraped their shoes on the mat, and followed him. For a moment, all three paused in the shadowy corner of a room filled with music, laughter, and swirling couples.

"Glad I wore these after all," Simon muttered, brushing a dark thread off the middy of his white summer uniform.

"See that girl over there?" he continued, as he rocked back and forth on his heels, "Prettiest on the floor—How much do

you want to bet I won't take her home and get a date for tomorrow?"

The two other sailors looked across the room. They saw a slim, blonde girl in a full-skirted red dress, dancing with a Marine.

"Not a cent," replied the one who had dreamed of clattering nine-pins. "You always get what you want."

"Why shouldn't I?" Simon grinned at him. Then he glanced at his watch, winked at them both, and walked across the floor.

* * *

"You know, Rosemary, Boston's quite a city to produce a girl like you," he observed, as they swung past a disconsolate-faced Marine.

"What's so remarkable about me?" she asked, obviously pleased.

"You've got the bluest eyes I ever saw, for one thing . . ." The strains of *Good Night, Sweetheart* faded away.

"And for another, you're going to let me take you home," Simon concluded, in a tone half-pleading, half-confident. She appeared to consider for a moment, then smiled up at him.

"All right. The dim-out makes everything so dark that my mother wishes me to come home with someone, and my girl-friend left an hour ago."

"Perfect! Have you got a check? I'll get your coat."

"Here." She handed him a numbered disc. "I'll see you downstairs in a minute, after I fix up."

Simon pushed through the crowd. He waited near the front of a long line of servicemen at the checking room.

"Taking her home?" someone asked suddenly.

Simon turned and saw his two shipmates. "Sure. Didn't I

say I would?" He smiled patronizingly. "What are you boys going to do tomorrow?"

They looked at the floor. One of them raised his eyes. "We're going to the Museum," he replied defiantly.

Simon threw back his head and laughed, just as they knew he would.

"I'm going out with one of the prettiest girls in Boston, and you're going to the Museum. Ha! Ha! You can't kiss a stuffed squirrel, remember."

They rushed out the door with his derisive remarks ringing in their ears. Ten minutes later, Simon and Rosemary sauntered through the same exit and walked slowly up the street.

"By the way, where do you live?" Simon asked, taking her arm as they crossed a curb.

"In Dorchester. We have to go to Park Street first. Where do you come from? The South?"

Simon took a deep breath, and proceeded to tell her the story of his life. He was still talking when they reached the subway and went downstairs. With a flourish, without interrupting his narrative, he produced two dimes and followed her through the turnstile. Somehow the expression on her face seemed less alert, less interested. She was probably tired after so much dancing.

"We can take this car," she told him, as one roared into the station and screeched to a stop. They climbed aboard. They headed for two vacant seats halfway down the aisle. Another girl with a soldier started towards them at the same time; but Simon, steering Rosemary ahead of him, captured the seats.

"I guess the Navy's got a priority on some things," muttered the soldier angrily.

Simon grinned at Rosemary. "I guess it has—especially nice things, like you."

She actually appeared to frown. "You know I like to be complimented as much as any other girl, but I get awfully tired of flattery."

"You couldn't be flattered, Rosemary," he began in a low tone. "You're . . ."

Suddenly, the street-car swerved crazily, crashed against the subway wall, and stopped. The lights went out, and the darkness intensified the sound of splintering glass. In that moment, Simon had leaped up and taken a step towards the door before the impact sent him sprawling in the aisle. Women screamed. Simon heard Rosemary's voice calling his name. Soon a calm, authoritative command sounded above the babble.

"Don't move. Stay right where you are."

A strong flashlight swept through the car revealing the varied positions of the passengers. Some were still holding straps; they were rigid and speechless. Others knelt on the floor, or huddled behind seats. The voice and flashlight belonged to the conductor. He took command of the situation so efficiently that in a few moments order was restored. People straightened up and stretched their arms and legs cautiously. Simon had risen as soon as the flashlight had discovered him. He found Rosemary still sitting where he had left her. He whispered excitedly:

"Are you all right? Are you all right?"

Even in the semi-darkness he could partly see the queer, serious look she gave him. Her reply was strange, too.

"Now, that you're interested, yes, I'm all right. You never could have made it to the door."

"Listen," he exclaimed, "it happened so quickly I didn't know what I was doing. I . . ."

The conductor's voice broke in.

"Some windows are smashed, folks, and the car needs repairs before it can go on. As far as I can see, no one has been hurt. Is there anybody who thinks he has been injured?"

"No. We're just shaken up. Nobody's hurt," chorused the passenger group.

"Then the best thing to do is to walk right through the subway to the next station. It's not very far and there are lights along the wall, so you can see your way. Is everybody willing? You'll have to wait a long time if you stay here. They'll take care of you up ahead," counselled the conductor.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" someone shouted. "Let us out."

In a few moments, the subway was the scene of a laughing, talking group. They went along in the deep shadows which were punctuated by evenly spaced lights in niches along the wall.

"We're still in one piece, anyway," Simon began, as he assisted Rosemary.

"It could have been a lot worse," she agreed. "But I certainly was scared at first."

Her faint smile and ready acceptance of his support made Simon feel much better. For a while there, it had seemed as if she were disgusted with him. After all, was a man responsible for what he did in a case like that? She hadn't been hurt, so why should she complain? He straightened his shoulders and walked on with a lighter step.

Unfortunately he failed to notice a rather large rock lying beside the track. He tripped and stumbled to the ground with a heavy thud. Rosemary kept her balance somehow. She helped him up. Simon resented her aid. He cursed the stone, before he realized what he was saying.

"Look at me!" he shouted. "My trousers are black!"

Furious, he brushed his clothes, but only succeeded in spreading the slimy dirt over a larger area. His hair was falling across his forehead. Worst indignity of all, his cap had fallen off into a near-by puddle.

"Why is it wet in here, will you tell me?" he asked angrily.

Rosemary shrank away from him as she replied:

"This is all 'made' land," she explained weakly. "There used to be water here. I guess it comes up through the ground."

Without a word, he strode on. She continued to walk beside him. Eventually, they reached the next station. They gave their names to an official who took charge of the whole business. By way of a special bus, they reached Park Street at last.

Simon had gained self-control by then. He began to joke about what happened.

"A fine city this is! Do your streetcars always get temperamental like that?"

Rosemary replied innocently: "Well, their passengers do sometimes."

She was quiet the rest of the way. Simon kept up a continual stream of what seemed to him very clever observations.

"Join the Navy and see the world—even if you have to do it underground! It was worth it to be with you." Here he pressed her hand affectionately. He felt no response.

When they reached Dorchester and walked along the street where she said she lived, Simon noticed that she was limping.

"What's the matter with your feet?" he inquired solicitously.

"I got pebbles in my shoes (they're toeless) when we were in the subway," she answered as she stopped at the gate of her home and took off her left shoe.

"Why didn't you say something about it, dear?"

She looked at him coldly.

"One weakling was enough," she answered very distinctly.

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Just exactly what I said."

"Too bad. I was going to ask you for a date tomorrow," he said, thus delivering his Parthian shot.

"Did you think I would go out with you? I'm not that hard up."

Then she was gone into the house before he could think of a fitting response. He turned on his heel and left Dorchester far behind in as short a time as possible.

* * *

"So you're going to the Museum this morning?" Simon asked jovially as his two friends were getting dressed the next day.

"Yes we are. So what?" one of them snapped.

"So, all right. That's fine. How would you like to have me come along?"

They stared at him.

"You! I thought you were going to spend the day with that girl!" the other one cried.

Simon lifted his eyebrows and grinned.

"She probably thought so, too; but I didn't ask her for a date, after all, poor girl. She turned out to be a dope—pretty, but stupid. I let her down gently, though, boys. When do we start?"

He wandered off without waiting for an answer.

“Who does he think he’s fooling?”

“Us.”

“‘Poor girl!’ my eye! She probably told him the bitter truth.”

“Well, shall we let him come with us?”

They paused, then laughed softly.

“We might as well. He’s got no place else to go.”

GARDEN AT NIGHT

Eileen M. Mahoney, '43

Nepeta’s clusters still are blue
And poppy petals yet fall soft,
Near lupin stalks whose spires aloft
Are stalwart in the night-time too:
But I pass by now unaware
Of dark-enshrouded beauty fair.

The fleet-winged hours speed on as when
Together we watched time’s petals fall
Beside hope’s spires towering tall;
Yet hours today are not as then,
With you I lived them in delight,
Now you are gone, and it is night.

SOLDIER'S WIFE

Marie A. Thomas, '44

Why should I hang the holly high this year
Since you are gone and I left all alone?
What part have I in Christmas mirth and cheer?
What joy for me the Yuletide bell's gay tone?
A phantasm of joys we both have known
Is the glittering pine in holiday glory bright—
A mocking ghost which haunts this Christmas night.

In starry hordes the whispering snowflakes fall
To heap in silent, strange, ice-silvered piles.
Watching, I feel more lone, and lonely call
To you in spirit o'er the endless miles,
Where across the scorching desert in grim files
You march tonight, and think—Ah, well I know—
Of me alone here, and the quiet snow.

'Tis midnight. Now chime out the Christmas bells
Snow-muffled; yet I hear their gonging clear.
List to the tale their hopeful voice loud tells:
“On Earth good-will, and peace the coming year.”
I wonder, can you their brave message hear?
Shamed suddenly by the glad hope in their cry,
I reach far up, and hang the holly high.

WAR BONDS

Dorothy R. Cronin, '44

THE last echo of *taps* drifted away in the darkness. The barracks were quiet. Soon, a few snores broke the stillness. A bunk in a far corner creaked. Henry Simpson was tossing about. He could not sleep because he was worried and anxious about tomorrow's new assignment. Where would he be transferred? He thought of the new chevron he had just added to his sleeve that made him a sergeant. "Sergeant Simpson," he whispered. It sounded good to him. As he lay there thinking, his mind wandered back over the last few years of his life.

It was just eight years ago since he had married Genevieve. Eight years with a dominating woman were sufficient to break a man's spirit. She had always had her way, even from the beginning. She had decided on a big church wedding, while he had desired a small quiet affair. She had chosen the place for the honeymoon, although he had had different ideas. Once she was sure that he belonged to her she had begun managing him. She had started on his clothes.

"Why do you wear such monstrosities for ties?" she had asked, even before the honeymoon was over. "Let me pick some out for you." From then on Genevieve had bought his ties, and had gradually come to the point of selecting all his wearing apparel.

Then it was his beloved pipe.

"Henry!" He could hear her shrill voice now just as it had sounded the day that they had moved into their new apart-

ment. "Don't you smoke your smelly old pipe in my nice living room. Go out into the kitchen."

"Yes, dear," he had answered meekly.

Those two words were to become a motto for him. All during the past eight years, he had used them more frequently than any others. When she had noticed his meek reception of all her commands, she had become more courageous. She had taken to calling him at the office to leave directions with his secretary for him to do errands for her. Once he had refused to buy the lingerie she had ordered him to do. The terrible scene that night made him change his mind. The errand was done the next day.

His mind had never been his own during those dreary years. Genevieve had become his dictator. It had been always—

"Henry, wear your rubbers."

"Yes, dear."

"Henry, take an umbrella with you."

"Yes, dear."

"Henry, we're going to the theatre tonight. Come home early."

"Yes, dear."

Henry Simpson was a dyed-in-the-wool henpecked husband.

Then, suddenly, emancipation!! Henry was drafted. Genevieve had stormed and raged. She had written threatening letters to the draft board. But even Genevieve was not able to prevail over Uncle Sam's laws. When Henry left for camp, Genevieve's tears seemed to be genuine. They were not shed because of the loss of Henry from her domination. They were shed because that domination had ceased. But Henry was happy. He felt as if he had been let out into the fresh air and sunlight after seven years in prison.

Henry made a remarkably good soldier. He was used to taking orders. He grinned now in the darkness as he thought of the time he had answered "Yes, dear," to the drill sergeant. That was a year ago. Now, he, too, was a sergeant. He had ceased to be a henpecked husband. He had become a man! He never wanted to go back to his old life. He liked the army. It had given him liberty for the past year. Here, men were men. And women—perhaps they were fast becoming only memories and letters. Genevieve had hinted in her last letter that she was about to close the old apartment. He had not heard from her since. That was over a month ago. Tomorrow, he was to leave on special duty. "I wonder where? I wonder . . ." At this point, Sergeant Simpson's snores joined the chorus.

The next day, two privates in blue fatigue clothes, mowing the lawn in front of the commandant's office were discussing the new assignment.

"They're not going to send one of *our* men down there!" exclaimed the taller of the two, looking aghast.

"That's what I heard from Joe who serves the officers' mess."

"Why, that's awful. They might send me! I knew I should've joined the Navy." He looked across the lawn. "Pick up that rake. Here comes a sergeant. He'll tick us off for loafing on the job."

"It's only Simpson. He hasn't been a sergeant long enough to make trouble for us."

A small man in a freshly pressed uniform was hurrying up the walk.

"Hello, fellows," he called to the two blue-clad men laboring over the lawn mower.

"Hi, Simpson. Where are you going all slicked up?"

"I'm going to see the general about my orders for special duty. I guess I'll be leaving you fellows soon."

He continued up the walk to the general's office.

"You don't suppose it's Simpson they're going to send?" The taller man watched Henry's retreating figure with genuine concern.

"You never know what to expect in this man's army," said the other, leaning on his rake. "Henry's a good egg, too. We'll ask him when he comes out." He drew the rake carefully over a few square inches of grass.

Five minutes later, Henry appeared on the steps. He was carrying a long brown envelope. He was whistling as he came down the walk.

"Where are they shipping you, Henry?"

"I'm going to some camp in Iowa to help arrange the commissary. They need a good man like me. At least, that's what the general told me." Henry was puffed up with pride. People were recognizing his ability. If only Genevieve could see him now.

The two privates looked at each other knowingly. "Did you say 'Iowa'?"

"Why, yes," answered Henry. "I'm leaving this afternoon."

"Well, good luck." The private put down his rake, and stepped over to shake hands. As Henry walked away, he shook his head sadly. "Poor fellow. I didn't have the heart to tell him."

"Yeah. Simpson was a nice fellow, too." The click of the lawn mower drowned out further conversation.

That night Henry was on a train. He had been riding for six hours. He looked at his orders again. "An officer will meet you at the train to conduct you to camp." He would

make a good impression on this officer; a snappy salute and an equally snappy "Yes, sir."

The train slowed down. The conductor bellowed, "Des Moines!" Henry stretched and started for the door. He stepped out on the platform. It was dark after the bright lights on the train. Where was that officer? He saw the parking lights of a station wagon in the distance. That must be from the camp. He started towards it. Someone was getting out. It must be the officer. No, it was a woman in a tan suit. There was something familiar about that walk. Then he noticed the gold bars on her shoulders. It suddenly came over him; she was an officer in the WAAC. She strode over to him.

"Are you the sergeant from Camp Skidmore?"

Sergeant Simpson snapped to attention. He brought his right hand up to salute but stopped half way.

"Genevieve!"

She ignored his remark. "I'm Lieutenant Simpson. Didn't you ever learn to salute an officer? Please show more respect to your superiors." Her face was immobile, but there was a gleam of triumph in her eyes.

Sergeant Simpson knew his year of liberty was up. He saluted. His newly acquired manliness evaporated. Meekly, he said, "Yes, dear."

CONTRAST

Eileen Tosney, '43

Young lovers stroll beneath her friendly light
And sigh unto the silvery-rimmèd orb,
Gay children skirr light-freckled ice, while night
Is loved the more for restless beams that rob
The eve of deep-pitched dark; and bards yet tune
Their words to sing about the sweet-faced moon.

Love flees from light, and seeks the safe recess
Of yawning earth, fear-harried like a beast,
And grave-faced tots, in muted tones pray, and press
Their God for blessed black. The world has ceased
To love the silent moon's caressing light
And fear has driven man to lengthened night.

LAND OF PROMISE

Barbara Gilbert, '44

“MOTHER, when are we going to get to America? You told me we’d go on a boat and then we’d be there. But we’ve been on the boat for so long.”

“I know, Nathan. You know the boat has to go very slowly because it has a lot of people to carry.”

Bayshie’s dark eyes flashed around the deck which was so crowded with her fellow-countrymen and their belongings that there was hardly room to turn.

“Why do they make this poor little boat carry everybody?” Nathan queried, his brown eyes full of wonder at the strange ways of grown-ups. “There are lots and lots of other boats.”

“This is a very special boat, just for us, a Red Cross Jewish Refugee boat. We shouldn’t mind if it takes a long time to get to America, or that the boat is crowded.” She paused for a moment, then added softly, “We’re very lucky to be going.”

“Mother.” Nathan came closer to Bayshie. He lowered his voice to a confidential level. “I think Mrs. Klopstock is going to be very mad if I step over her again.” He glanced at a fat, old woman dozing on her pallet.

Bayshie’s strong features softened into a smile as she stroked Nathan’s dark silky hair. “You’ll have to be more careful, dear. Suppose you were poor Mrs. Klopstock, how would you like to be stepped on fifty times a day by a bouncing little boy?”

“I try to be careful, Mother, but it’s hard to walk around without stepping on somebody. I step on Esther more than anybody, and she never gets mad.”

"Esther is younger than Mrs. Klopstock. She's also very fond of you."

"Why?" was the disconcerting question.

"Oh, because you are good to her."

"Because I tell her stories?" he persisted, seeking a definite cause for Esther's fondness.

"Yes; and because you get the water for her medicine at night."

"Mother," he began hesitatingly, looking at her, then at the ocean. "Esther said the med'cine would make her go to sleep, but"—he stopped, then finished in a rush of words, "but she doesn't go to sleep because—because I hear her talking and sometimes she cries."

He looked anxiously at his mother, waiting for her to explain. To him, Bayshie was the seat of all wisdom. She could answer any question, she could solve any problem which might torment his young mind.

"The medicine does make Esther go to sleep. She talks while she's asleep. You see, she's not strong and healthy like you and me. Besides, she has been very unhappy. That's why she cries."

The sorrowing pity in Bayshie's eyes was reflected in Nathan's. Then, he asked:

"Why was she unhappy?"

"I don't know, Nathan. But you and I won't ask her, will we? We'll help her to be happy. She's going to America. There she'll forget that she was ever unhappy."

Bayshie smiled at her little son reassuringly. As she raised her eyes, she saw a young girl coming towards them, picking her way carefully on the passenger-strewn deck. She was very slender. Her mass of dark hair shadowed a pale face, made lovely by wide-set brilliant dark eyes. When she

reached Nathan and Bayshie, she sank down, weakly sighing: "I'm so tired of climbing over people." She closed her eyes and leaned back. A pulse was throbbing in her white throat.

Bayshie gave Esther a quick, searching glance, then she turned to Nathan who was watching sympathetically.

"Nathan dear, will you go and ask Mrs. Bernstein for that extra blanket she promised? I think we'll need it."

When he had gone Esther murmured, "I hope I have a boy like him some day. And I hope I'm as good a mother as you are." She grasped Bayshie's hand and continued eagerly, "I'll be so glad to get there and" (her voice melted) "and to see Max. Oh Bayshie, I love him so much."

"I know you do, dear." Then Bayshie added soothingly, "I think you had better rest a little now, Esther. Don't try to talk any more."

"Please, Bayshie, let me talk. You never ask any questions, but I've got to tell somebody about Max and going to America, and about Anna," she sobbed.

Bayshie was firm. "Esther, you mustn't let what happened to your sister prey on your mind. Just remember that you are on the boat going to America, and that you will soon meet Max."

In sharp contrast to Bayshie's sane words was Esther's frightened whisper. "But I can't forget. If I try to keep remembering that I am on the boat and on my way, I think, I think—it's an awful thought—but I think—that I'm not strong like you, and maybe they won't let me into America, and that I won't see Max, and I'll have to go back—and I'll be ki . . ."

"Stop that!" Bayshie's tone was sharp. Then it softened, as she reasoned with the hysterical Esther.

"Esther, listen to me. If you go on thinking those thoughts,

you'll be too ill even to get off the boat, let alone to meet Max. These ideas are very silly, Esther, because nothing can force you to go back to Germany now. You are in the middle of the voyage. Soon you and Max will be together again, and you can be married. Just think of Max, and how glad he'll be to see you." She leaned over and kissed the girl on the forehead.

"Oh, Bayshie, you're so good. I promise I won't think any more morbid thoughts. I'll think only of Max, of how good he is, and of how I love him."

Bayshie thought of her dead husband, of whom Nathan so reminded her, of how good he had been to her and to the boy, and of how she had loved him. Her heart ached for Esther.

Two days later, Nathan was bubblingly happy for he could see the wonderful skyline of New York, and near at hand, the Statue of Liberty. Bayshie rejoiced with him, for they had reached America, and they were together. She was happy, too, for Esther. She had ceased to brood on the recent horror in her life, and was now only intent on seeing her beloved Max.

As the ship docked at Ellis Island, the breath of bliss was everywhere. The passengers gathered their meagre belongings and waited expectantly. The Immigration Officials seemed very forbidding in manner as they came aboard to confer with the Captain and the Directors of the Emigration. A wave of uneasiness swept over the waiting people. At last, the gangplank was lowered. They were ordered to form a single line. Bayshie put Nathan before her, Esther fell in behind. The tedious business of checking and questioning each person to be admitted began.

At the head of the line where the officials were stationed, about twenty yards from where Bayshie was standing was

the massive iron gate, now open—symbol of entrance to a new life.

Esther was looking anxiously around for Max. At last, she spied him half-smothered in the crowd on the other side, the American side, of the gate.

"There he is, Bayshie," she whispered excitedly. "Look! With the gray hat! There's Max!"

Bayshie's eyes found Max, a young man with goodness and love in his face. "Yes, he looks just as I expected; honest and kind; and (with an affectionate glance at Esther) very much in love."

Time dragged on. Nathan and Bayshie were to be the next admitted. An official, carrying a sheaf of important-looking documents, hurried to join those at the gate. He consulted them earnestly for a few minutes, indicated his sheaf of papers. As he finished, one of the other officers came close to the line of those waiting.

"I am sorry," he began. "The German and Austrian Jewish quota is almost filled." He looked at the white, tense face of Bayshie and added: "By stretching a point, we can admit two more."

Bayshie's soul was flooded with relief. She was giving thanks for deliverance, when she heard behind her a terrified whimper—"Max!"

Bayshie's eyes darted towards the young man in the crowd. He, too, had heard the announcement. The terrible fear in his face seemed a reflection of Esther's mind.

Instantly, Bayshie grasped Nathan's shoulders. Then there raced through her mind the sudden thoughts of Esther's soul scarred by suffering, of what had happened to her sister in Germany, of what would happen to Esther if she went back, of Max, of America, and of how she would feel if she were

Esther, alone, with the man she loved on the other side of the gate.

She relaxed her hold on Nathan, stooped to kiss him, then swung herself in back of Esther, whispering, "Be good to him."

She closed her eyes. But worse than seeing the hurt on Nathan's face was hearing his heart-broken wail, "Mother, Mother!" The great iron gate clanged shut.

INVIOABLE

Marion C. Drew, '44

Approaching plane . . . and death-winged bombs rain down
Defiling city, countryside, and bay.

High through the night above chaotic town

The moon rides calm upon the Milky Way.

Across the throbbing heavens to those who die,

Comes stirring hope in one lone watching star,

Which o'er the clouddraft-torn and smoke-dimmed sky

Shines on untouched, no mocking bullets mar.

STILLE NACHT

Lorraine Fidler, '43

IT WAS Christmas eve. It was a Christmas eve mantling death and destruction beneath the covering whiteness of falling snowflakes. High in the heavens a middle-aged moon spread her pale light over the powdered crusts of gleaming snow. The intermittent grumbling of distant shells broke the deep serenity of the night.

Eleven o'clock over there in *No-man's* land. In the allies' trenches the soldiers were preparing for an offensive attack on the enemy camp not so many yards away. Those who awaited the zero hour were tense and strained. It is dangerous business to mine an enemy's trench.

Inside one of the dug-outs a group of soldiers huddled about a crude table on which were placed a bottle of wine and a wax candle. Finally one of them, a young American, spoke.

"Gosh, it hardly seems possible that in three hours it will be Christmas, does it?"

"Don't let it get you, gov'nor," replied Archie, the Englishman. "When you've been in this war for a spell longer a bit of cold and loneliness won't get you. You'll just be glad you're alive."

"I think I know how he feels, Archie," commented a young lieutenant. "None of us would be elsewhere, but deep down inside there's a yearning for a roaring fire, a Christmas tree, the sound of sleigh bells in the air, and the joy of Midnight Mass. Yet we've got to sacrifice all that now or the world will never see the old, peaceful days again."

"That's it. That's exactly it!" exclaimed the young American. "I wonder if these Boches ever get lonely," he added.

"Those bloomin' blighters haven't heart enough to be lonesome," hooted Archie.

There was silence for a few moments. Suddenly, the regularity of the digging was broken by sounds of harmony coming from rich, vibrant voices in the opposite trench.

"Stille nacht, heilige nacht."

Over the desolate battle field gashed by treacherous electrified barbed wire, the solemn tones of that impromptu choir rang out on the frosty air. To weary and heartsick men that hymn brought a little of the peace and comfort of Christmas. They forgot for a brief moment that they were at war. For one fleeting minute, all were at home again. . . . There were the sleigh bells, the Christmas tree, the roaring fire, and the joy of the Midnight Mass. For one precious interval time stood suspended and each lonely man dreamed his dream.

To Archie, that hymn brought a vision of London. The people on the streets were gay with the spirit of the holidays. So was Archie with his girl on one arm, and a bottle of wine tucked under the other.

To the young American, let's call him Paul, this song of praise meant home. He could see Beacon Hill with its lights turning the whiteness of the snow into variegated ribbons of festivity. He could hear the carollers.

"Stille nacht, heilige nacht."

To the young lieutenant, Bill, Christmas brought a picture of New York: the bright lights of Broadway, the high spirits everywhere, the joy of Yuletide. He could hear so clearly the music of the waltz which he had enjoyed with Elaine on that last Christmas eve.

To André, this night meant gay Paris. To Gustav, it meant the quiet joy of being with his family in Warsaw. To all of the men assembled there in the musty trench this night had many and diverse meanings, but the sentiment that spelt all their longings was "Stille nacht, heilige nacht!"

Over the powdered crusts of snow the deep and vibrant voices of the men rose in exultant song of praise. On and on swept the rich melody. On and on rushed time. Bill, alone, seemed to be aware that the zero hour was near at hand. He glanced uneasily at his watch every moment or two. The others seemed to be in a dream world of their own. The watch now registered eleven forty-five. Still the men sang, "Stille nacht, heilige nacht." For the first time in his career as a soldier, Bill realized the teaching of Christ—love the sinner, hate the sin. He knew now that he could never hate the Boches because they were his brothers in Christ. Yet he knew that he would carry the memory of their treachery to his death. The watch now read eleven fifty-five.

Through the strains of "Stille nacht, heilige nacht," the men heard as in a dream Lieutenant Bill's command. With watch in hand, he saw the seconds crawl on like hours. He wished fervently that it was all over. It was either his men or theirs. Eleven fifty-nine!! His hand tightened nervously on the switch. Twelve!!!

It was Christmas. It was a Christmas of death and destruction. High in the heavens a middle-aged moon still spread her pale light over the gleaming crusts of snow. Suddenly, a beam of light probing, clawing, probing with relentless fingers into every gash and scar in the churned surface of the far-flung battlefield. Then—the explosion of dynamite split the sky. "Stille nacht, heilige nacht!" The attack was successfully carried out. Mingled with the intermittent grum-

bling of shells was the soft, sweet cadence of the old hymn. Its echoes still lived in the growing profound serenity of the night. "Stille nacht, heilige nacht!"

VICTOR

Irene Gwynn, '44

Beneath the hill in mute and lovely state
The City views the scales which balance Day
With Night. While they, in turn, with wondrous fête
And lavish spectacle alike display
Their charms and duel to captivate
Her heart. Impartially she waits the sway
Of equipoise. When lo! the Night is gone.
And smiling now, she greets the victor Dawn.

IF WINTER COME

Marie A. Thomas, '44

One gnarled and twisted apple tree stands stark,
Alone upon the hill etched black and sharp
Against the cool and purpling evening sky;
A silent sentinel it waits the dark.

A lone last leaf clings, forlorn in the gloom,
Unto the branch, nods trembling to the moon.
Now round about the tree the cold winds sigh,
To whistling sharpness changed their April croon.

But ere this same moon five times swell and wane
What fragile beauty o'er this tree will reign,
Along the bough will soft pink blossoms lie;
Sharp, startling proof of life to come again!

EDITORIALS

The Elimination of Hate:

At a meeting of the American Theater Wing War Service, Clifton Fadiman said, "An aggressive spirit in your speeches depends partly on your ability to hate. If you don't hate the Nazis and the Japs you are not going to get hate in your voices. You can't kill Nazis or Japs in a mood of idealistic reform." Mr. Fadiman is not alone in this unfortunate belief. Other voices have echoed his opinion that we must hate our enemies in order to conquer them. Unless we take care, we may soon be guilty of the same sins which we are trying to stamp out in Germany and Japan.

Hatred is not simply undemocratic; it is unchristian. In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ said, "But I say to you: Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you:" (Matthew V, 44). This is admittedly a difficult doctrine to follow, especially in the face of the jingoistic sentiments which we hear enunciated by feverish patriots on all sides. However, we must remember that all men, even the Japs whom one radio commentator styled "inhuman little creatures", even Hitler himself, have immortal souls, made to the image and likeness of God. It is terrifying to think that in hating any of our fellowmen, we are hating the image of God. And yet we dare ask why God does not stop this war.

When Mrs. Roosevelt said, "If those who say that to win the war we must hate, are really expressing the belief of the majority of our people, I am afraid we have already lost the peace," she was warning against a repetition of the shocking conditions upon which the peace following World War I was based. The hatred, the greed, the desire for revenge which

dictated the Versailles Treaty were in a large measure responsible for the present even bloodier conflict. Certainly, we cannot completely blame the crushed German people for listening to anyone who could bring them a message of hope.

We do not mean to preach pacifism. If a nation is unjustly attacked, it is the duty of its citizens to take up arms to defend it. If their motive is the welfare of their country and its people, their action is justified in the eyes of God. If, on the other hand, they are motivated by hatred for their individual enemies, then they truly murder those whom they kill in battle.

The only real antidote to hatred is found in the law of love, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We need not sit back and allow Communism, Naziism, or Fascism to control the world. As has so often been said, we must hate the sin and love the sinner. We must fight to overcome these doctrines, and to convert, rather than to exterminate, the misguided souls who have espoused them. In doing this, we shall be laying the foundations of a just and lasting peace, one that will endure for more than twenty brief, uncertain years.

Marie McCabe, '43

Rationing of Resources:

Careful economy in the use of all rationed commodities is an important factor in this war. No longer can one thoughtlessly try a new fudge recipe and then throw the finished product away if it does not happen to be a success. Sugar is rationed and must be used wisely. Coffee, tea, gasoline, all

these must also be conserved, even at the cost of great self-denial.

It is strange that now, when the need for retrenchment is being so forcibly brought to our attention, we should still be prodigal of that most precious commodity of all, Time. A college career at best is definitely limited in extent. At this moment, we cannot be sure of even the usual four year span. Who knows what the next year, the next few months, yes, even the next few weeks may bring? Certainly last Thanksgiving we did not suspect the awful events which were to take place before Christmas.

We must use our time wisely, preserving a sensible balance of work and of play. During this year, more than ever before, it is our duty to take full advantage of the opportunities which we as Catholic college students enjoy; opportunities which have been ruthlessly snatched from the youth of so many countries throughout the world, and on which our own hold is none too secure.

Marie McCabe, '43

Quo Vadimus?

"I believe girls had better get out of college and go to work unless their college training is helping fit them for some specific task. Few have the right now to train themselves for nothing in particular. I don't believe people can get by without working in the world of the future."

Thus spoke Mrs. Roosevelt a few weeks ago at a press conference in Boston. This statement is significantly dangerous if it finger-posts the road America is taking in her struggle for victory. Undoubtedly, we must sacrifice to preserve our nation's life and its ideals, but war-time requirements should not call for the sacrifice of our culture. How can we hope to construct a better and juster world if we, as a people, lack the trained mind and heart? The trained hand will not suffice alone.

Mrs. Roosevelt's statement seems to preclude the notion that a liberal arts education can fit a girl for some specific task. We go part way with her. The specific training should follow the wide cultural training. Given the broad background, a girl should be able to concentrate her educated faculties on some specific task. You cannot hang specific training in a vacuum. Are we training for some specific task or for the fullness of living? A liberal arts education trains for life. It gives a girl a sense of the true values; it affords a defense against the assimilation of worthless theories. These assets will be of inestimable value if the nations who gather around the peace table have been trained by such norms.

If the youth of today are to be torn away from their "profitless education", what can we expect of the America of the future? We, beyond cavil, will be a trained nation: trained in the mechanized arts of war; trained in the use of our brawn; untrained in the fine qualities of the mind. The intellects of a nation, its broad cultural training, cannot be starved, lest the progress of that nation retrograde to below zero. True, assembly lines must be kept going, planes and warships must be turned out; but so must the liberal arts culture of our country continue if we, as a nation, hope to keep existing.

Mrs. Roosevelt's proposal follows the German pattern of regimentation too closely for comfort. Its ultimate end would be an eliminated individuality, a created machine cog instead of a man. A Hitler or a Stalin would find such men easy victims.

Mrs. Roosevelt errs. So do many other people of like sentiments. In the haste to win complete victory there is a tendency to adopt enemy tactics to accomplish this end. Hence, efforts must be doubled to guarantee the preservation of liberal arts education for the training of thought that underlies, or should underlie, all action. *That* thought is the heritage of the liberal arts courses; *that* thought it gives to students. Future dictators can be finally and irrevocably answered when men with rightly cultured minds dissect their creeds, prove them evil, and thus disqualify their promulgation.

Eileen Tosney, '43

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

The Female of the Species Qualitatively Analyzed:

Symbol of element: Wo

Report: After extensive research on a specimen of the little known element Woman, the following revealing data has been compiled:

Atomic Weight: One hundred and plenty

Density: Obvious

Specific Gravity: Variable

Occurrence: Wherever man exists

Physical properties: Member of the human family—all colors, shapes, and sizes. Generally appears in a disguised condition. Natural surfaces rarely free from temporary covering of paints, grease, and pigments. Melts when properly treated. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any minute. Ordinarily sweet, occasionally sour, and sometimes bitter. Exceedingly volatile, highly inflammable and dangerous in hands of inexperienced person. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones of all kinds. Capable of absorbing huge quantities of expensive beverages and foods. Reacts violently when left alone. Very active in the dark. Turns green when placed in near proximity to a better specimen.

Remarks: Acknowledgments to: Mary, Lilly, Anne, Margo, Paula, Irene, Gwen, Flo, Agnes, Bertie, Jen, Sandra, Helene, Jane, and one remembered only as "Pet", for unselfish co-operation in research.

* * *

The Dear Dead Days Beyond Recall:

Gone are the days of long rides in open top convertibles, stopping leisurely at the Toll House for luncheon, or driving to Connecticut for a weekend party. Nowadays we cram or get crammed into crowded subways, grab a bite of luncheon at some crowded cafeteria, and never dream of long weekends. It is considered unpatriotic to drive anywhere, and to take more than Sunday off. Oh dear, it's just not being done this season. Oh for the good old days!

* * *

Much Ado about Trifles:

Emily Post has revised her famous Etiquette book. Her reason—the changing times. Because of the number of men in service many new problems of etiquette are bound to arise. This book was written to take care of just such problems. It would seem, dear Emily, that the old-fashioned ideas of politeness and courtesy had best be learned before the new-fangled idea of who shall sit before whom at what dinner party.

* * *

The Censor Censored:

Attention, Mr. Hays. Word has reached us that trouble is brewing out your way over the American showing of the film "In Which We Serve" by Noel Coward. The controversy, it would seem, rests on the use of offensive words of profanity in this cinematic offering. Recall, if you will, that such language has been strictly taboo since you were made head of Film Censorship some half decade or so ago. Recall also, if you will, that your country is at war, and your aim should be to help keep the youth of this nation as honest, upright, and clean as is humanly possible. We trust, dear sir, that you will settle this matter once and for all by making it quite clear that no film employing profane, obscene or vulgar language shall be exhibited in this land.

Class Room Etiquette:

"Enter ye who seek to learn," so saith the sage philosopher in days gone by when students were students and idlers were idlers. Now the saying goes, "Enter ye who seek to pretend to learn," because the idlers now masquerade in the garb of scholars. But see—

The happy little group of "students" assembles and the class in general, special, and cosmological studies begins. Magically the 5 lb. notebooks appear, the leaking fountain sieves are uncapped, and the tortoiseshells are perched on the right angle on the nose. The teacher has arranged his or her neat little pack of papers, has brightened the eyes to an exact degree of enthusiasm, and then plunges into the lesson. And it's just as well because the deeper he plunges the less noise and inattention he can see about him.

The teacher talks brilliantly and loudly. The class writes furiously. But only the fly on the wall remains to tell of the pretty little bob-tailed cats, the frisky bunnies, and the examples of surrealistic art that illumine the illustrious pages of those notes. There is a feeling of complete ennui between the class and the teacher.

And so the lecture proceeds! Letters are read and answered; the latest news is passed hither and yon, assignments are completed, sweethearts are discussed, as well as the latest bit of dainty gossip, gads, foibles, and foolishness. Finally a bell brings release. Snap! The notebooks are closed. Snap! The packet of papers is snatched up. Simultaneously the teacher and the pupils rush for the door. The sound of the bell has brought a blessed release to two classes of humanity—the weary class and the more weary teacher.

(Praise the Lord and pass the compliments to those Professors who do not fit into such a category!)

* * *

The Blackout of Culture?

For some time now those in the know have been decrying the rapid decrease in the literary output. *The Publisher's Weekly* of a month ago showed a decline of about ten per cent in the number of books published in ten months of nineteen forty-two compared with output of a similar

period of nineteen forty-one. Some there are who would have us believe it is due to the present conditions, that global warfare does not germinate writers. Be that as it may, the figures still stand. There are eleven hundred fewer books on the market this year than there were last year. If this keeps up, one can readily see that before long literature, and culture, like the American way of life, will be on the way out—to be replaced by what?

* * *

Danger Signal:

In the field of drama the same holds true. *The New York Drama Critics' Circle* could find no one drama by an American worthy of a citation as the best of the 1941-42 season. The only award they made was to Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit". This received a citation as the best importation of the year. For the second time in its twenty-five years of existence, the Pulitzer Prize Committee found no play sufficiently great for its award. The first time was in 1918-19, the second 1941-42. Burns Mantle, the noted critic, considers this to be a fair reflection of the times. Surely even Mr. Mantle will admit it is nothing to be proud about; rather it is something to be alarmed over.

* * *

Alas and Alack for Poetry!

As for poetry the least said the better. Even the staid, conservative *New York Times* has ceased to devote space to reviews of current poetry. They cannot review something of which they have nothing. Let us hope that *Thanksgiving 1942* by Edna St. Vincent Millay is not a sample of what we will get in the future!

All in all the outlook is pretty bleak. But where there is life there is hope. With God's help we will emerge victorious from this horrible war; thence arise to a brighter future flame, lit by the burning torch of CULTURE!

CURRENT BOOKS

Light Before Dusk. By Helen Iswolsky. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1942. 248 pages.

In *Light Before Dusk*, Helen Iswolsky, daughter of the former Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs and Russian Ambassador to France, gives an enlightening picture of France and French youth before and during the present World War. The spirit which she describes is that of the French Catholic revival, its "mystical energy" to which France will look for deliverance from her bondage.

From the time of her conversion to the Eastern rite of the Catholic Church, which followed a visit to the Benedictine Abbey of St. Scholastica, Miss Iswolsky has been especially interested in the problem of the Union of the Churches and in the Catholic social movement in France. Through her association with the leaders of the French Catholic intelligentsia, she was in a position to study the trend of French thought in recent years. She presents the results of her observation with striking clarity and simplicity. Particularly interesting is her account of the manner in which Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, guided by the advice of Pope Pius XI, was able to reject the Communists' "outstretched hand" policy without antagonizing the people who stood behind it. She testifies to the great accord with which the Cardinal's stand was greeted by all the French Catholic social groups.

Miss Iswolsky's work in France brought her into contact with the Maritains, the Orthodox leader, Nicholas Berdiaeff, the Jocist Movement, Emmanuel Mounier, and the *Esprit* group, and the Friends of *Temps Présent*. She did not forget her native Russia, and devoted a great deal of time and effort to the problem of Union, the solution to which, she is convinced, must be reached through a study of the similarities, rather than the differences, between the churches. She asserts again and again that religion has not been lost in Russia, that the people have offered heroic resistance to the bolshevik leaders who have attempted to enforce communism and godlessness.

This book is especially important for the authoritative information which it gives concerning conditions in France at the present time, and the vigorous spirit of opposition to the Germans which persisted even after the armistice. Miss Iswolsky expresses the belief that France will

revolt against the oppression of Nazi Germany, and will once again hold an honorable place among the nations of the world. There is, she tells us, "a deep spirit of opposition which existed and still exists in France," and she further asserts that "the Pétain régime is *not* the true reflection of France and can last only as long as France is in the position of a down-trodden, more or less 'vassal' nation." The true Catholicism which illuminates every page strengthens the hope that the eldest daughter of the Church, completely chastened by her present ordeal, will one day return home.

Marie McCabe, '43

Paul Revere and the World He Lived In. By Esther Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. 478 pages.

Few books have so accurately expressed the proper spirit of the American Revolution as Esther Forbes's biography of *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*. She neither idolizes nor debunks the movement, but, rather analyzes the Revolution in respect to truth. It was essentially an agitation by a minority, men like John Hancock, Samuel and John Adams and Paul Revere who felt that the political and economic machinations of England threatened America's position as a self-respecting nation. The fervor for freedom and self-government did not move every person. There remained a large aggregate who could conceive of no rule but the English rule; while a still larger portion of the public wished merely to be left alone. But determined and inspired men brook no obstacles. America won her freedom.

However, it is Paul Revere and Boston that Miss Forbes chooses to portray. In the minds of most Americans, Paul Revere is more legendary than real. He is an indistinct figure on horseback, uttering the alarm of the Minute Men. He is a spirit, a symbol, but not a man. Miss Forbes breathes humanity into this spirit. Under her facile pen, he and his world come alive with a vividness that is born of artistry.

Capable and versatile and with a characteristic flare for the bold, Paul Revere stands as the expression of the ideals of self-government and freedom. He stood the "via media" between the extreme Tories and the radical Whigs. He rebelled against authority, without hate or rancor, because in rebellion he saw the achievement of a great good. Not that practical

considerations did not move him. England's restrictions on Boston trade dealt a severe blow to his work as a silversmith, but this motive was secondary to his feelings for Boston and America. And, so, he undertook a ride that made history; "a ride which, in a way, has never ended."

The Boston of both pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary days was lusty and vigorous. Uneasiness was in the air and Boston found itself a hotbed of political hatchings. Taverns and inns housed the meetings of Revere and his compatriots: men like John Hancock, the somewhat dandified, yet determined leader of the Whigs; Sam Adams, the precursor of the modern political boss; and Josiah Quincy, and John Adams, the exponents of liberty at all cost. Ages have given a heroicity to these men that has reached exaggeration. Miss Forbes, while never detracting from the idealism of their cause and spirit, invests them with humanity. That bold and scrawling signature suited John Hancock perfectly, and shrewd Sam Adams was never above a little intrigue.

By dint of research work that is amazing and a style that is flowing and intimate, Esther Forbes has created a work which should prove a never-ending joy. It reads like sister Mary's letter from the big city relating the goings-on of a bustling community. Remarkable control over the theme has prevented the book from becoming prosaic and dull. Esther Forbes plays the pipes of the Pied Piper and her words skip along to his dance.

Eileen Tosney, '43

Big Family, by Bellamy Partridge. New York: Whittlesey House, 1941. 323 pages.

In much the same way that the boy Bellamy Partridge took delight in climbing a step-ladder to eat his birthday supper, so Bellamy Partridge, grown-up, enjoys coming down to the level of a little boy again to write his fifth book, *Big Family*. The result is a delightfully different type of the ever-popular autobiographic form.

Big Family accentuates the highlights of his boyhood. These are not so much incidents as traits, customs, and peculiarities of a wholesome average family in a typical rural community back in the eighties. Mr. Partridge strikes the key-note of his book in the foreword, when he explains that in turning back to the more leisurely and more simple life of

the period of his boyhood, he thinks to chance upon "some worthwhile things that we have overlooked."

Character delineation herein is so splendid that it is difficult to select individual characters as being especially well-drawn. Mr. Partridge's style is as natural as his theme. His pen keeps pace with the activities of a little boy. It stops momentarily to ponder the puzzling things of this life; then, running off to exchange some marbles for a jackknife, indulges in a smattering of irony. Clever diction, characterized by disarming frankness, does not obliterate beauty of style, though its only claim to beauty lies in the poetry which is childhood.

A charming note of intimacy is struck in the evidences of family co-operation—or could it have been interference?—in the writing of the book. "That was their recollection—this is mine," the author states with finality, after giving his account and his brothers' counter-account of a humorous incident that happened one memorable Christmas. The dedication of the book to "the rest of the family" is reflected in this and other instances of family raillery.

The author's fine sense of humor is written into this book. This sense of humor, which belonged to all the family, is imparted to the reader when he hears "Yankee Doodle with variations" played as a Church recessional; when he discovers the technique of having a sprained ankle, or learns how to put the whooping-cough to good use. Birthdays, Christmases, and Fourth of July Holidays, ball-games, music lessons, and hooky have their chapters here as they have in the life of every youngster. And here they are rollicking, homely chapters.

We agree with Mr. Partridge when he admits that his theme is an ordinary one. And again we agree when he says that "family life is not wholly unimportant". We would go even further and say that it is all important and that, to our mind, this is the lesson which the book drives home. Sound philosophy is here intermingled with wit and humor. The psychology of the "family lobby", so often referred to by its most frequent victim, is as interesting as it is humorous. There is not a reader who would not enjoy playing "coalheaver" himself.

In its informality of tone, and its lack of sequence, the book falls far short of the perfection of biographic form. It is rather a series of disconnected memories, set down in all the vividness and enjoyment with which they were remembered. The simple life of yesterday, family affec-

tions and loyalties, and all the homely incidents common to families of every age were, we think, the "worthwhile things" which the author turned back to look at again. *Big Family* should be read for the purpose for which it was written—as a refreshingly human, happy story.

Eilecn Mahoney, '43

Elizabeth: Creature of Circumstance. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1942. 255 pages.

For the reader of his latest book, Hilaire Belloc draws a graphic picture of England during Elizabeth's lifetime. The title under which the book was printed in England, *Elizabethan Commentary*, is more accurate than the American title. *Elizabeth: Creature of Circumstance* is not a biography; rather, it is a presentation of the factors that surrounded and formed the person who was Elizabeth, the last of the Tudor monarchs.

The background that Mr. Belloc brings forth is not the ordinary, run-of-the-mill material given in most histories of the period. We find true character studies of the personalities who held sway in the royal court: Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Parr, Thomas Seymour, Mary Tudor, and William Cecil. How the complete lack of moral standards in those around her impressed the character of Elizabeth and helped make her an unscrupulous and tenacious lover of power is brought out. We realize that Elizabeth is not the formulator of policies, but an instrument in the hands of those who would retain the benefits reaped by the so-called Reformation. If not queen, Elizabeth would have been a nonentity; her failure would have meant death. Thus she felt obliged to use any means to attain her end—retention of the English crown.

The English Reformation is discussed in detail. Throughout, the author interprets the atmosphere of the period. Contrary to popular opinion, there existed no antipathy to the Catholic Church. The success of the Revolution lay in the organization of that minority who benefited from the confiscation of the Abbey lands and so desired continuance of a state-dominated church. Mr. Belloc emphasizes the fact that this was a national church; its strength lay (and lies) in the beautiful vernacular translation of the liturgy. The new church was English—this allowed any foreign interference to be suppressed in the name of patriotism. The author develops the influence of Calvin's doctrines in the growth of English Protestantism.

No history of Elizabeth nor of Elizabeth's time would be complete without the presence of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mr. Belloc goes back to the fundamental differences that caused the difficulties between these cousins. The reader is startled to learn that Elizabeth was the staying influence which prevented for many years the carrying out of Cecil's desire for Mary's death. Mary Stuart's story is neither falsified nor dramatized. As she was the natural heir to the throne, Elizabeth's action was consistent with her policy of removing any possible danger to her position.

There exists in the book a personal element. Mr. Belloc evidences no restraint in introducing extraneous material to prove his point. To some, the work may seem "patched". This is the result of weaving together the divergent strains that molded the policy of the queen's reign. The author also anticipates a reading audience whose training has consisted in a glorification of the principles governing modern England. For the sake of clearness, he has brought forth the basis of his point of view.

No reader, interested in English history, will be unrewarded after reading this summation of the forces and persons that produced the seed of modern England during the lifetime of this "creature of circumstance".

Marion Lynch, '43

Assignment in Brittany. By Helen MacInnes. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1942. 373 pages.

From a chaotic Europe, Helen MacInnes has evoked an incredible story worked out in credible detail. For the background of her story, she has singled out with great precision a bewildered Brittany, after the fall of France. Knowing that France had been betrayed from within, the British Military Intelligence in the summer of 1940, sought to find out if England was to be invaded; if so, when, and where. Using the striking resemblance of Bertrand Corlay, a French soldier wounded at Dunkirk, to Martin Hearne, of the British Intelligence, the daring scheme is planned. Hearne is to enter Brittany by parachute and to take up Corlay's life again in the small town of St. Deodat, and to work himself into the lines of intrigue.

The plan is carried through with surprising accuracy as Hearne picks up Corlay's life, fooling even for a time Bertrand's proud mother and the simple townsfolk. Within a few weeks he has learned some of the important information he was sent to pick up, and the people through whom

the news was being carried to the Gestapo agents in Paris. He was accomplishing his aim, his assignment in Brittany, learning all the subtle *ins* and *outs* of espionage work, until the fair, German agent, Elise, causes his arrest. Not far from his small farmhouse, he is subjected to Nazi cruelty as they try to make him reveal his mission. The lovely Anne Pinot, and the lamed Kerenor, assisted by other loyal Bretons, aid him in escaping from the Germans. It was advisable then for Hearne to make his way back to England. His assignment in Brittany was over. He now had to lay out the work for the Intelligence. But could he leave Anne in the German occupied town? Anne herself saves him from making the decision. She goes on to visit an Aunt up the coast. On the last night of his assignment, Anne meets him and together they escape after a *commando* raid on the French coast.

Assignment in Brittany is written by a woman who knows and gives accurately the complete picture of Europe today; a Europe teeming with intrigues and plots, agents and spies, with a light sprinkling of true peasants, working side by side for the common good. It is a Continent mined by a network of deadly plots, out of order with reason and intelligence. In her book, Helen MacInnes writes of it all, but not with the stark, harsh realism so common today. She softens it by the subtle sense of humor interjected now and then in Hearne's words. It is this surprising bit of humor throughout the book that makes the story more human, and lifelike.

It is not a book hastily thrown together under the threat of the oppressing war but rather one that is worked out in careful detail and with complete understanding of subject matter. One could follow blindfolded through the streets and villages. One would know and recognize the simple people there.

Again in characterization we meet the mastery of artist over subject. Miss MacInnes knows human nature just as well as she knows the streets and villages of Brittany. Her characters in this fast moving plot retain their own individuality.

The style is terse, moving, direct. She has stripped herself here of the flowered graces of femininity and has written *Assignment in Brittany* in the manner of a United Press dispatch.

Margaret Corcoran, '43

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SHELLEY ARRAIGNED

Eileen Tosney, '43

ONE hundred and fifty years ago a poet was born whom Matthew Arnold described as a "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." This is a startling, though rather sentimental, criticism of Percy Shelley, who was essentially a rebel against institutions and authority. Now, when the structures of society are being assailed on all sides, it is pertinent and interesting to view Shelley in relation to present-day events. The world chaos is the product of the very theories which Shelley promulgated. It is precisely the denial of Christianity, the disregard for the sacredness of marriage and the home, and the contempt for civil authority which has generated today's global revolution. Shelley was vehement in his advocacy of such theories. His early poetry lyricizes these radical views. We concede a moderation of them in the poetry of his later years. Perhaps he was attaining a true vision of *intellectual beauty*; perhaps the confusion in his mind was leveling to harmony.

While Shelley was at Oxford he conceived a distrust of Christianity. This distrust revolved around a belief in a vengeful heaven. Newman Ivy White states, in his monumental work on this poet, that Shelley's feelings against Christianity arose from a unique conception of the Jew. "The Wandering Jew became almost at once for him the symbol of Heaven's eternal, unrelenting vengeance on one who was a rebel against its authority."

Perhaps Shelly was congenitally and temperamentally attracted toward the role of rebel. His deliberate choice of rebel literature deepened and fostered that bent. His own notes to *Queen Mab* show clearly his perverted views on the doctrines of Christianity. "The state of society in which we exist is a mixture of feudal savageness and imperfect civilization. The narrow and unenlightened morality of the Christian religion is an aggravation of these evils." He fell in with the views of the still living echoes of the Arians, in believing in the essential greatness of the Man, Christ, while entirely disbelieving in His Divinity. Shelley was undoubtedly vague in his idea of a Deity. *Queen Mab* is a forthright expression of his religious, social, and political views. He stands on the edge of the social and political principles of his day, but sweeps God out from under. This poem blatantly states: "There is no God." To cover up the atheistic statement, he explains it as a negation of a creative God without the denial of a "pervading spirit." Exactly what he meant by a "pervading Spirit" is not clear.

Without probing too deeply into his religious theories, which were more or less 'weather-cocky' in their instability, one must clearly see that disastrous results would evolve from their practice. The tenets of Christianity, alone, can unify and consolidate. The return to its spirit, alone, can eliminate hate and greed, and their offspring, War. Shelley who loved freedom so passionately loudly advocated and propagated the principles that would cause its very extinction. A denial of Christianity is a sure prescription for tyranny. Witness the world today!

If Shelley were living now, his distress over our crises would be acute. His hatred of oppression would surely lead him to search for its causes. That search would bring him to the

theories he had advocated. When he wrote *Prometheus Unbound*, he had progressed far enough to realize that the destruction of institutions will not banish evils. It is the evil in man that must be overcome. Yet, even at that period of writing, he had not relinquished his contempt for all authority. In fact, Shelley had merely begun to grow then, a growth which was ended by an early death. He, himself, was a poet of "unfulfilled renown."

Shelley's unorthodox views on marriage are as forcefully and incisively stated as those he held on Christianity. Ranting against the selfishness of the world, he cries out in *Queen Mab*: "Even love is sold!" His head notes to the poem follow up this statement. "A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other; any law which should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection would be a most intolerable tyranny and the most unworthy of toleration." And our modern novels, short stories, movie scenes, radio scripts all move merrily down this primrose path to . . .

For Shelley, "love is free". It must not be bound by moral or civil sanctions. He scorns the sacramental character of marriage. Its indissolubility is, for Shelley, but a social evil necessitated by conventions. Since convention got no service from Shelley, its rules and laws did not exist for him. Some critics have called Shelley a scoundrel; others have defended his nobility. There is no definite standard by which we can measure a man's sincerity; yet the tone of Shelley's poetry leads one to accept his sincerity in the belief and in the promulgation of his revolutionary doctrines.

The repression of Christianity is being carried out diligently, and to some extent, successfully, in the dictator countries. Hitler and Stalin are fully aware of the effects of

such laws. They realize that man can be slave-ruled and slave-held only when those things which maintain his dignity as a man are completely eliminated. These men will evil directly. Shelley, though he seemed to advocate like principles, was somehow stumbling through their discord to bring the world into harmony, to a state where some way or other, somehow or other, all men would love one the other. He was aiming toward the right end by use of the wrong means. Poor Shelley! His extreme idealism blinded his reason. He maintained that destruction of all authority would of itself create equality; and this equality would, in its turn, make all men live and love as brothers. He could not or would not see that without Christianity all knowledge of true love and justice must cease. Mankind, bereft of spiritual guidance, tends to substitute tyranny for law. Were Shelley amongst us to-day, would he still disseminate his theories?

Civil authority was quite as odious to Shelley as religious and social authority. It was a suppression of freedom, a shackling of the spirit of man, an unwarranted assumption of power by a few men. The rebel cries out:

Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secure the crown which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe and penury breathe,
These are the hired bravos who defend
The *tyrant's throne*.

Civil authority must exist, otherwise tyranny would rule. Like any human institution, it is subject to abuse. Let the reformer beware lest he coil the evil instead of unraveling it! Shelley regarded institutions and evil as one and the same.

He seems to have failed to understand that original sin and its effects were the causes of the evils in society.

Shelley would find the modern world a fertile field for poetic inspiration. The rape of freedom would move him to pen sky-soaring poems in its defense and restoration. To Shelley, freedom was the core of life. But ideals of liberty are futile if there exist no knowledge of basic principles of liberty. It would seem that a man of Shelley's keen sensitivity looking out on the dark vista of the world today would be forced to abjure his old religious, social, and political perverted doctrines for the sound doctrine of Christianity. Then, we would see a Shelley, stript of his ineffectual angel wings, stand not in a void but upon solid ground, his head raised not to the will-of-the-wisp atmosphere of his "intellectual beauty" but to the sky-bound vision of the cross. We would see the restless striving and the ceaseless yearning of his poetry subside into a luminous, spiritual calm. We would see a Crusader wielding the sword of truth.

WARSAW, 1942

Marie A. Thomas, 44

Where are thy lights? Thy laughter, where has't fled
O gallant city, mute today and dark?
Trembling in ugly gloom with chilly dread
Where has thy glitter gone as stand'st thou stark
And huddled here? Now have thy homes shut tight
Their many one-time gay and glowing eyes;
Oh, thou who mournest, wrapped in clay-cold night,
Where are thy lights all fled, city of sighs?

Ah, still they blaze, though bleak my outward form.
Burning in dauntless hearts my lights clear shine
More steady now, undimmed by man-made storm
Which can not touch the gallant heart's confine.
I fling defiance in my foe's blind face,
Proud spirit even he can ne'er debase!

THE THIEF

Marjorie Greene, '43

LEONARD stood near the rail of the boat, fingering a cigarette. People pushed by him, struggling with lunches, camp stools, sun glasses, and post cards. At ten o'clock, with the morning sun gloriously bright above New Hampshire mountains, the boat swung away from the dock and started slowly up the lake.

For the protection of Summer tourists, the Kimble Excursion Company employed four detectives, one for each of the big paddle-wheelers that plied around the lake every day. Quain was on duty this trip, leaving Leonard free to enjoy himself until he transferred at Loon Bay and took over the noon boat from there.

Leonard watched the swirling water below, righted a little boy who had tripped over a coil of rope, and for no special reason, felt suddenly glad to be alive. There was nothing about his personal appearance to distinguish him from other medium-sized young men with straight brown hair, brown eyes, and ordinary clothes. He therefore maintained quite naturally the harmless, inconsequential appearance required by his occupation and employers.

After awhile Leonard wandered up to the top deck and settled himself comfortably on an old wooden bench. A few yards away Quain leaned against the rail, his hands in his pockets, apparently daydreaming. People were gathered everywhere in colorful clans, taking snapshots, eating, and talking. Two women were busily knitting nearby, and a girl

in a light blue dress, with a ribbon in her hair and a huge kerchief in her lap, sat quietly enjoying the sunshine.

"On the left," announced a loud-speaker, "is Porcupine Island, two miles long and half a mile wide. According to legend, an Indian princess . . . "

Everyone clustered eagerly at the rail except Leonard, who knew the story backwards. The two women dropped their knitting and consulted guide-books, and the girl, to Leonard's complete astonishment, suddenly reached over, seized the purse lying beside one of the women, and concealed it in the kerchief!

Her movements were executed so swiftly and so skillfully that for a wild moment he thought he might have imagined the whole incident. Almost at once the loud-speaker stopped, the crowd resettled itself, the women took up their knitting again, and the girl sat quietly as before in her light blue dress, with a ribbon in her hair and a kerchief in her lap wrapped around something that could have been a camera, but wasn't.

He had the presence of mind to remain motionless and expressionless, in spite of his inner excitement. This girl was no ordinary sneak-thief! Her recklessness was the sign of either a desperate amateur or an exceptionally brazen professional. But whatever she was, he felt drawn towards her sympathetically, and wondered at himself. In fact, he felt guilty and unbelievably young. In an attempt to shake off these confusing ideas, Leonard glanced at his watch and then, as casually as possible, at Quain who still leaned against the rail, absorbed in the passing scenery. But somehow he looked *too* absorbed and his stare was *too* vacant. He actually was day-dreaming! He hadn't seen a thing!

Leonard refused to listen to the strange, yet appealing thoughts of relief that rushed upon him, and turned his eyes

to the girl. She was watching Quain, too, with a queer little smile that defied interpretation.

Now the exuberant laughter of the other passengers, the azure sky, and the gentle motion of the boat seemed incongruous and disturbing. Even the two women continued knitting, obviously unaware of the theft, not more than three feet away from the girl. No one paid any attention to him, and he realized, with more and more inward misgivings, that he was the only witness of what had happened.

At that moment, Quain straightened up, walked by them all absent-mindedly, and disappeared downstairs. Undoubtedly, he was on his way to the lounge for the next half hour. A few minutes later, the two knitters began to gather their belongings and Leonard stiffened, waiting for the scream that would announce discovery of the loss—but none came. Instead, they also disappeared downstairs, their arms filled with maps, needles, trailing knitted sleeves. The very existence of the purse seemed to have been forgotten, and an expression that certainly contained satisfaction passed over the girl's face as she watched them go.

A thousand conflicting ideas tormented him, delaying, for the moment, the immediate action which he realized the situation demanded. Perhaps the most disconcerting thought of all was this very fact—that he had seen a theft committed in plain sight and had done nothing about it! Yet after all, why should he? Right now he was technically only a passenger, not a detective, not until they reached Loon Bay. It was Quain's responsibility to apprehend her, and if he didn't, why should anyone else interfere? Maybe the girl needed money so badly that stealing it had become a necessity. Whatever the true state of affairs might be, why should he be involved?

Leonard sighed. This was no time for sentimental hypoth-

eses or hair-splitting distinctions; something had to be done. He rose and strolled over to the rail, where he stopped accidentally, as it were, right beside the girl. Fortunately, circumstances played into his hands. A fountain of cold white spray, higher than usual, splashed down suddenly on both of them, wetting the girl's hair and shoulders as well as his own. She let out a startled little cry and shook her head, but kept firm hold of the kerchief-covered package in her lap. Instantly Leonard produced his handkerchief and offered it to her, saying with a friendly smile he could not suppress, "Here, use mine. Are you drenched?"

"No, I'm all right. Thanks."

She brushed some drops of water off her dress with it and returned it to him with a smile as friendly as his own. Her eyes were blue; her teeth, a trifle uneven, were very white. Leonard took advantage of the incident to sit down beside her.

"Those things always come without warning. Friends of yours over there?" He indicated a group of people enjoying a picnic lunch nearby. She shook her head again.

"No, I'm alone. How is it downstairs?"

So she thought he had just come up here? She was probably certain that no one knew what had happened. No wonder she felt safe and dared to talk calmly to a stranger. Well, he would not disillusion her.

"Too sheltered. There's more fresh air up here, and fresh water, too."

She laughed and ran her fingers through her damp hair.

"I like it."

"So do I."

They were silent, then, for a few minutes.

"You know," she observed, "you can see the White Mountains on a *very* clear day without binoculars."

"So I've heard," he replied, looking at her intently. She seemed to draw away from him a little, and he added, "I hope you don't mind my talking to you this way. I'm by myself, too . . ."

"O, I don't mind. I was getting lonely, anyway. Besides, you don't look dangerous."

She was smiling again, but Leonard felt suddenly queer, as if he were a traitor. He changed the subject.

"Lots of islands on this lake. Big ones, too."

"Yes. Look how close we're getting to this next one!"

The boat was pushing slowly past a hilly stretch of land. They could see a slope covered with waving grass and a wharf with boats moored to it. The girl murmured, half to herself, "That grass looks as soft as children's hair."

Leonard took a deep breath and tried to harden his heart against a girl who could think such a lovely thing. He found it impossible. Every minute he felt weaker and less determined to report her to Quain. But that was precisely what he must do, and as soon as possible. She turned to him, and he noticed she had one dimple.

"I suppose you think I'm crazy . . ."

"O, no! On the contrary," he said, in a low voice, "I think you're very charming."

That was the truth, at any rate. She flushed somewhat and then frowned, without speaking. He realized that she disliked this remark.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to be rude, honestly." Then he plunged into the ugly business.

"Is that a camera you have there?"

She held onto the bundle with both hands and looked at him suspiciously for a moment, but he retained an expression of utter innocence. Her face cleared as she answered, "No,

just my bag and kerchief. Would you like to take some pictures?"

She lied as well as stole, evidently. He couldn't understand how she was capable of such open deceit. But he was wasting time doing nothing. Something told him that he must make a decision immediately and act upon it. The temptation not to report her was becoming stronger every second. He looked out across the water at the mountainous horizon, made a final resolution, and hated himself violently.

"I guess I *would* like to take a couple of snaps. They sell cameras and film on the lower deck. Come on down with me. Let's get some exercise."

He stood up, trying to look jaunty and carefree, and reached for her hand. The girl laughed, her eyes shining assent, took his hand, and rose, still holding tightly her bulky kerchief.

As they sauntered along to the stairway, she talked to him about the beautiful weather, the delicious taste of food eaten out-doors on a boat, even about baseball, because she probably thought he was interested in it. Leonard hardly spoke. His task was simple enough: all he had to do was to take her downstairs, find Quain, who would surely be nearby, and hand her over to him with a few words of explanation. After all, she carried the evidence right with her. It was very strange that the two women had not yet missed the purse, but perhaps by now they had reported their loss to Quain. They started down the narrow stairway slowly.

"What do you do for a living?" she asked curiously.

Despair possessed him completely. This was terrible, leading an unsuspecting victim to her doom—a victim who was young like himself with blue eyes and a ribbon in her hair! If the sky was blue, he couldn't see it. He would never see

sunshine again without remembering how it had fallen across her dress before everything happened. He knew this much: he hated laws that could condemn this girl; he hated detectives who could arrest her; he hated himself for betraying her. He answered dully,

"Nothing just now. What do you do?"

Why not ask her? Perhaps if he listened to her lies, he could feel some contempt for her—anything but this aching tenderness.

"Me? Oh, I'm a thief," she responded gaily.

Leonard's foot slipped and he clung perilously to the hand rail; he caught his balance expertly. The boat seemed to be turning upside down.

"You're what?" he gasped.

"A thief! I steal things!" She laughed merrily at his bewildered white face, but only for a moment. Then she became serious and spoke quietly.

"I shouldn't have mentioned it at all, but now that I have . . . Come down and I'll tell you what I mean."

Later, Leonard could never remember how he managed to descend the rest of the way, but somehow they reached the lower deck and relaxed on a divan in the deserted lounge.

"This is strictly confidential, as they say," she began.

"Absolutely," he promised feebly. She unwrapped the kerchief and showed him the purse.

"This isn't mine. I stole it from two women who were planted upstairs, knitting."

"Planted there?"

"Of course. You see, I'm a professional thief. The Kimble Excursion Company—they own these boats, you know—hired me to test their detectives by staging thefts in plain view. The man on duty this trip didn't even see me, and he

was only a couple of yards away. Imagine! His name is Quain . . . ”

Leonard felt like saying, “I know, I know . . . ” but he remained silent.

“Sometimes I shoplift in department stores,” she continued, “but I like this boat routine better. This is the first slip up for Mr. Quain, so he’ll only get a reprimand. The next time he’ll lose his job. I transfer to the noon boat at Loon Bay today, and do some more stealing,” (she almost chuckled at the word, and at the astounded expression on his face), “to see if the detective on it is wide awake. His name is Leonard . . . ”

She was interrupted by his laughter, full, joyous laughter so contagious that she laughed, too. Was ever the sky so blue? Could the sunshine be any brighter?

“You know,” he exclaimed, “we’re going to be very good friends!”

CONSTANCY

Irene Gwynn, '44

When Mars, the bellicose, has blown *Last Post*,
And your return, my dear, is near at hand,
Of all my longing thoughts, the uppermost
Will be, is he the same? By mute command
My eager eyes will seek once more the host
Of notes which linked the miles from land to land,
And there by words upon each page, your pen
Will re-create your own dear self again.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Mary M. Keenan, '43

“IF YOU are truly a gaucho you cannot change, because wherever you go, your soul will go before you like the bellmare before a herd.” These words spoken by Don Segundo to his admiring young apprentice form the theme of the great South American novel, *Don Segundo Sombra*, written by Ricardo Güiraldes. This novel has been widely acclaimed the supreme achievement in gaucho Literature. The gaucho, noble figure of the Argentine pampas, has been enshrined in literature since the time of its emergence in the work of José Hernández, *Martin Fierro*. It remained for Güiraldes, however, to present a truly vivid picture of the gaucho. He caught not only his spirit of romance but also his realistic experiences.

The character, Don Segundo Sombra, is the focus of the story. He stands forth both as a character and as a symbol. In his tranquillity of mind, in his love of the vagabond life, in his calm acceptance of circumstances, and in his sure confidence Don Segundo represents the true gaucho. Life for the gaucho is never stationary. A home, a family, a few acres of land are not for him—not when the whole pampas are spread out before him. Reserve, courage, deference are qualities of the fearless gaucho. These qualities attain perfect balance in Don Segundo.

Don Segundo first appears mysteriously upon the scene as a mounted silhouette magnified against the horizon. The last view of him is as rider and mount moving far away, a tiny speck against the sky. Who is this shadow that appears and

disappears so silently? In the pages of the novel, this shadow takes on human substance; for herein Don Segundo rides, tames horses, herds cattle, tells stories, dances expertly, improvises skillfully, and pays pretty compliments. With all these accomplishments, he is a kind, sympathetic friend, a man both respected and feared.

Don Segundo is not portrayed so much in his own activities as in those of his young follower, Fabio Cáceres. This influence that Don Segundo has upon Fabio eloquently reveals his own character. When Fabio first meets Don Segundo he feels a strengthening influence. Under its spell, he fled the home of his cruel aunts and set out on his own. He followed Don Segundo. Once the two wanderers companion each other, the influence of Don Segundo grows more and more evident.

From a wild, bold, town-ruffian, Fabio gradually becomes a quiet, calm, courageous "resero". Fabio gradually works up from a humble stable boy to a tamer of the wildest horses. From a greenhorn who quivered before the onslaughts of rain and deadly lightning, he becomes a man standing up against life's buffets. Years are needed to turn a rascally rogue into a philosophical gaucho. Ultimately, it is achieved. Fabio becomes the true gaucho—one who will not strive for wealth and security at the cost of the gaucho spirit. As he says: "A gaucho owns the pampas of God by right of strength and skill; a rancher owns a few patches of land."

It is Don Segundo riding by Fabio's side, acting as his second in horse-breaking, lying beside him under the stars, who silently but surely works this change. Although Don Segundo is constantly moving through the story, yet we know nothing factual about him. Where did he come from? What was his parentage? What of his early life? Where did he finally intend to go? The novel furnishes no answers to

these questions. Don Segundo is rather a symbol. He is a shadow casting an influence for good on all he meets. He is ultimately the synthesis of the gaucho ideals, for, in this novel, Señor Güiraldes has moulded an ideally real gaucho.

Fabio and Don Segundo sleep at night under the stars. They break wild horses by day. They dance the malambo. They improvise verses. They huddle in a soaked poncho. They herd frisky colts and cattle through a blinding rain-storm. They freeze by night; they burn by day. Such things form a gaucho's life. Not a phase of gaucho life has been omitted from the novel. Güiraldes makes a balance between work and play. He insists upon bringing in the amusements, simple pleasures, and romantic aspirations of the gaucho. Neither are these pictures sketchy. They are clear, illuminating, complete. The simple pleasures of the simple gaucho, the strong works of the strong gaucho are incisively recorded. However, Güiraldes excels in the descriptions of the herding, of the round-up, and of the driving of the cattle. The mastery of man over brute is dramatically depicted. The action of the rounding-up of the wild horses on the sand dunes stands almost supreme in vividness. The harsher, more fatiguing side of the gaucho life is best seen in the driving of horses and cattle from one pasture to another. Here, through the words and actions of the inexperienced Fabio, hardship and discomfort are stressed. No glamor, no romance is here; all is wearying monotony, stark suffering.

The pleasurable phases of gaucho life are captivatingly portrayed. We are present at a gaucho dance. The women sit along the wall with hands folded in their laps. The men crowd the doorway. The crabs swarm over the ground toward the food—"One hundred runs of profile, rapid as shadows, converged at that place." Portraying the attitude of

the crabs at sunset, Güiraldes writes: "And they remained immovable, with their little claws clasped on their breasts, red as if dipped in blood." These bright red claws he then likens to the bloodstained hands of a condemned murderer.

With equal skill Güiraldes portrays the beauties of nature. The dawn as it is seen when they are driving cattle, he thus paints: "In the sky the first lightness began to drive away the night, and stars fell to the side of other worlds." Again, he presents the aspect of the sun gilding the cattle: "The morning sun striking slantwise on those bodies gilded the profile of a narrow outline, and the shadows were stretched over the countryside in uneven parody." Significant of Güiraldes' descriptive skill is his aptness in choice of words that always ring native to the gaucho speech. Don Segundo telling the story of Dolores and the son of the devil, speaks of the boat coming to shore "on the side of the lasso". Again in his story of Misery, he describes our Lord on his journey as one traveling "from ranch to ranch." In that lovely description of the coming of twilight, this skill is strikingly evident: "It was growing late. The sky extended some clouds along the horizon as a countryman about to lie down to rest arranges his colored blankets. I felt the solitude run along my spine like a stream of water. The night lost us in its darkness."

Don Segundo Sombra deals in suspense and foreshadowing sparsely. One is kept in suspense concerning the name of Don Segundo's protege. Not until the twenty-fifth chapter is his name disclosed. There is one definite note of foreshadowing. Fabio, after a fall from his horse, hears as if in a dream, someone commending him on his life as a gaucho. He sees near him a rosebush; at his feet a dappled dog is sniffing. Later, this identical scene is reproduced when he arrives at the home of his guardian.

There is little open mention of religion in this novel. In fact, there is at the beginning of the story a suggestion of lack of any belief on the part of Fabio. However, Don Segundo's complete lack of fear concerning the future, and his calm words, "Death neither frightens me nor finds me shy", could show some indication of belief in the Providence of God. A gaucho does not discuss religion, neither does he display much devotion.

This novel presents not only the intimate story of the gaucho and his manner of life, it also offers a history of the gaucho period. From Don Segundo's first appearance as a magnified silhouette against the horizon to his last appearance as a dwindling far-off speck, one finds the history of the gaucho closely followed. For years, the gaucho played an important role; then, as the need of him was lessened, he gradually disappeared. Don Segundo came when Fabio most needed him, stayed in order to make the boy self-reliant, then, his task being done, he disappeared. This novel must live on in literature. It is more than the story of one man, more than the description of a life. It is the history of an age—an age never to be forgotten in the pampas of Argentine—the age of the gaucho.

AN EASTER FANTASY

Mary E. Gallagher, '43

It is the hour before the dawn
The mystic hour before the morn.
The morning star lightens the gloom
And stretches towards a lonely tomb.
The awesome stillness of the night
Around that tomb so ghostly white
Is filled with apprehension; fear
And pregnancy of Hope are here.

*And all about the tomb so white
And gleaming with fluorescent light
The flowers sleep, save one alone
That waking feels the weird, new tone
Of expectation in the night;
The thrill, the tension, strange delight
Of waiting for that blessed sight.*

The waking flower, pale little thing,
That lifts its head in early Spring
Is colorless, as clear as glass,
And scarcely seen amidst the grass.
It sees the guards upon the ground
All lying, locked in slumber sound;
It bides its time in patience wise,
And watches for the Son to rise.

*The guards awake to hail the morn,
They rise, then fall in terror, born
At sight of Angel in the gloom
Who rolls the stone back from the tomb—
And He appears, the Lord, the Son!
The guards cry out, "We must be gone;
The Christ has come, the Christ, the Dawn!"*

Their cries awake the sleeping flowers
Who sense the meaning of the hour;
Though proud, they feel this poignancy
And bow down in humility.
But humble as they seem to be
They have not the humility
Of the little bloom without a color
Who watched for Christ in hope and valor.

*He knows; and by His holy Will
The Angel lifts a golden rill
Of liquid light from 'round His Head,
He takes it to the flower instead
And pours it till the flower is full.
That golden flower is on my sill—
It is the lovely daffodil.*

YARDSTICK

Marie Thomas, '44

WITH a roar the sullen press, goaded by the hand of the watchful pressman sprang into action. Slowly at first and then with greater speed, its huge steel fingers tore at the massive roll of unsullied paper, jerked it, stamped on it, cut it, folded it, and then spat it out with regular movement.

Jim Blake, standing watching it, ran an inky hand through his hair and sighed.

"What do you think, Hank, will she behave like a lady this time?" he asked wearily.

Hank shifted a wad of gum to the other side of his long sad face.

"I been a pressman nigh of twenty years now," he said, "and I come to the conclusion long ago that only the Creator knows what a press'll take it into its mind to do next. You seen already how the paper's broke twice tonight, and I can't guarantee as how she won't snap twice more."

He walked over to the growing pile of papers and picked up one, still tingling with electricity and exuding the damp, delicious fragrance of printers' ink.

"Neat lookin' job, though," he said eyeing it critically in the age-old manner of pressmen. "I like your layout, Jim. You got all them there pictures balanced nice." He handed the paper to Jim.

Blake took it and glanced at it. Then, in sudden anger, he crumpled it up and threw it on the floor.

"Oh, what's the use!" he said bitterly. "All this slaving, all this work, and for what? So the pompous citizens of this

two-bit town can have something to hide behind on the evening train while they eat up the latest gossip, the sports and the comics. I have to laugh," he said speaking half to himself, "when I think of how I came here to publish a model paper which would lead the way to making this town a perfect example of honest politics. Jim Blake, the idealist! How I worked over those editorials and crusaded against all the rotten rackets that overrun this place. And what have I got for it all? A broken down plant that I can't afford to repair and a paper whose biggest selling feature is the gossip column."

Hank looked at him sympathetically. "Aw, you're just tired, Jim. We've spent a good part of the night repairing this here thing, and it's wore you out. You know you wouldn't be saying them things if you felt good. The people here appreciate what you're tryin' to do, and as for the plant," (Hank could not bear criticism of his beloved machines) "Why, the press is goin' along swell. Aside from havin' to jump her from first to third speed when I start her up, they ain't nothin' wrong."

Jim laughed unpleasantly. "You might as well know now, Hank," he said, his eyes on the steady up-and-down motion of the folding knife, "I'm pretty sick of this whole thing. I've got something new in mind . . ."

"You can't leave the newspaper racket, Jim," interrupted Hank. "Gosh, you said yourself you ain't never known nothin' else."

"This is the point where they start playing 'Hearts and Flowers' and you say, 'Printers' ink is in your blood!' Cut it, Hank," said Jim cynically. "I never thought you'd go theatrical on me."

Hank looked at Jim reproachfully, then circled the press

peering at it watchfully, picked up a pile of newly printed papers and carried them over to the mailing table.

As he passed Jim on his way back to the press, Jim laughed and stopped him.

"Don't look so sad, Hank," he said. "I didn't mean I was going to leave. It's only that I have a new angle in mind."

"What, another new angle!" exclaimed a voice in back of them. Both men wheeled.

"Oh, it's only you, Anne," said Hank in a relieved tone. "You pretty near scared me out of my shoes."

"Brought you some coffee, boys," she said cheerfully. "Are you going to spend the night coddling this horrid machine?"

Anne Fairbanks was one of Jim's assistants on the literary side of the *Chronicle's* publishing. From the top of her curly brown head to her neat shoes she was efficiency in its essence.

Jim looked at her absently. "You shouldn't have bothered, Anne," he said. "This place is enough to make us lose our appetites, anyway."

Anne looked quickly at Hank who shrugged.

"In other words," said Hank dryly, "one might say the boss was fed up with the place. One might even go a bit farther and say he was a trifle discouraged."

"You're not giving up, are you, Jim?" asked Anne putting her hand on his sleeve comfortingly. "It may be a long fight, but if you keep up the way you've started you'll drive Baxter and his crowd out. You're bound to. The people in this town can stand only so much graft before they rise up. They will, too, if you keep on hammering the way you have been."

Jim fished a crumpled cigaret from his shirt pocket, lighted it, and blew out the smoke slowly.

"I don't suppose you've heard the latest news then, Anne. Baxter is running for nomination to the mayoralty."

Anne gasped. "What nerve! Why if he ever got control of this city, he'd—he'd—well, I just can't imagine what he'd stop at. Where did you hear this, Jim?"

"Baxter told me. He called me up on the phone and told me."

Hank's jaw dropped, and Anne's eyes widened.

"You're making all this up, Jim Blake," Anne said.

"I'm not in a playful mood," said Jim quietly. "Baxter called me up and told me he was running for nomination and asked me to back him in his campaign."

"What'd you say to him, Jim?" grinned Hank awaiting the answer with relish.

"I told him" . . . Jim's eyes faltered under Anne's steady stare, "I told him I would think it over."

Hank walked back to the press. He shut it off, and returned.

"Let's talk this over, Jim," he said sternly. "You can't stand there calm and cool and mean to say you are actually thinkin' of joinin' up with that no-good, lyin', double-crossin' . . ."

"I'm thinking of what's best for me, for a change," Jim burst out. "The only money in the city is tied up with Baxter. It's about time I got a little smart and started to get some of it for myself."

"Oh, Jim," said Anne brokenly. "You can't mean what you're saying."

"Can't I, though!" Jim rapped out, his grey eyes flashing. He gestured around the plant. "Look at this place! Falling to ruins. The machines are getting worse by the hour. I have to buy new metal, new paper, new ink. What am I going to get it with? With the huge revenue my millions of subscribers pour in? From the unpaid bills of my advertisers? Oh no.

The only way I can get anything done is by joining up with the right man, and soon. I could kick myself that I didn't think of it before."

Anne looked as though he had struck her. "Jim, please," she pleaded, "please don't talk that way."

"Talk what way? If you had half a brain you'd realize it's the first sensible thing I've said since I started here. I'm tired of . . ."

"You're tired! You're tired!" Anne interrupted, stamping her foot. "What do you think we are? We've worked just as hard as you have in our own ways. I've never complained because I thought you were doing your best—and you were, too—but now you're going to ruin everything by doing just what you used to condemn." She started to cry. "How can you even call yourself a newspaperman when you're betraying everything you used to uphold!"

Jim's face went white. "Nevertheless," he said stiffly, "I am still in charge here and I do not need your approval or disapproval on my decisions. If you feel that you can not abide by my plans, you may consider yourself free to leave any time."

He turned abruptly and left the composing room. Anne looked at Hank in despair.

"Hank, what does this all mean?" she asked him.

Hank frowned and tucked his gum neatly in the corner of his wide mouth. "Don't make much sense, far as I can see," he commented thoughtfully. "Money's a queer thing though, which I've heard oft said, and which I may rise to repeat. Lotta people will change a lotta principles once they hear the evil call of the greenback siren."

"Jim isn't like that, though," Anne protested.

Hank cocked an eye at her. "Ain't he? How do you know?"

How long you been workin' for him anyway—two years, ain't it? I ain't known him much longer than that myself and I'm risin' to remark that I sure don't know him good enough to figure what his next move will be."

"It's just one of those things you know inside, Hank, I suppose," said Anne softly. "I know Jim won't give Baxter his support no matter what he says in a moment of anger or bitterness. You said yourself that he was tired tonight."

"Lotta people say what they don't mean to have other people know, when they're tired," remarked Hank, the philosopher. He ambled over to the press and stood poised beside the shift which would start it. He looked up at the ceiling for a moment as if invoking the fickle god of the press, then gingerly threw the switch. The press roared, then started up with a loud tearing sound. Hank looked relieved. "Guess she's in a good mood, now," he said over his shoulder to Anne.

She smiled bleakly. The noise of the press made it impossible for any more conversation, so Anne nodded to Hank and turned back to the office.

Only one office was bright with light—the editorial room, a tiny place with a huge roll top desk, the relic of a former age, a few chairs, several waste baskets, and a thick layer of dust over everything which was not in continuous use. Jim was sitting at the desk writing. He did not look up when Anne entered.

"Jim," she said hesitantly, "it—it's rather late. Is there anything else you want done?"

He turned in his swivel chair and surveyed her.

"No, I think you've done quite enough tonight," he said pleasantly—almost too pleasantly. "What interesting tidbits made the column for tomorrow?"

"Nothing new," said Anne, making an effort to smile.

"Claire Smith is leaving for Washington for a new job and the Stafford boy has been promoted to sergeant."

"Good, good," said Jim still very pleasantly. "That's the stuff that really sells the papers. Keep it up."

Anne wondered if he were being sarcastic again, but could not tell from his tone. "I'll see you tomorrow, then," she murmured, moving toward the door.

"Good night," he said lightly. "Oh, by the way, before you go, will you get me Baxter on the phone?"

Silently, Anne dialed the number and handed the receiver to Jim.

"Thanks," he said briefly. "There's a little point I have to . . . Oh, hello, Baxter, this is Jim Blake of the *Chronicle*. Yes, I—yes. About that matter we were discussing."

Anne turned toward the door again.

"I have an idea for an editorial tomorrow," he continued. "How's this for a lead . . ."

"Good night," said Anne hoarsely.

He did not even hear her.

Work started early in the *Chronicle*. By eight o'clock, Anne was at her desk, her brown hair shining, her neat dress trim, her blue eyes a trifle tired. She looked up hearing steps going by the door of her small office.

"Hi, Anne, that's a sharp dress," called Shorty Brown, one of the copy writers, poking his head in the door.

"Thanks, Shorty," she smiled. "You look very pretty yourself this morning."

Shorty blushed. "I wish my girl could hear you say that. Maybe that would change her mind about my looks," he said with a grin. "Hey, seen ye old ed around anywhere?"

Anne's eyes darkened. "No, I'm afraid I haven't," she replied. She began to draw meaningless designs on a piece of

copy paper. "He—I think he worked rather late last night. Perhaps he's catching up on his sleep."

"Could be," agreed Shorty cheerfully. "Well, it wasn't important anyway. I guess I can bridle my impatience for a space. See you later, kid."

Anne waved back at him. As soon as he disappeared, her face took on an anxious expression. She ruffled through the pile of mail on her desk, all mostly small pieces of news and long pages of publicity. I can't get up enough energy to read this, she thought. I wonder where he is. I wonder what he decided last night. I wonder . . .

She got up from her desk and went over to the window. She rubbed a little spot in the grimy pane and looked out. There was no one on the street with that familiar swinging walk, only some children on the way to school.

Anne sighed and went back to her desk.

"Hey Anne!" exclaimed a voice at the door. She jumped.

"Heavens, you frightened me," she said. Hank was leaning in the doorway regarding her expressionlessly.

"Sorry," he said laconically. "Seen the great lama this morning?"

"No, I haven't," she answered.

"It is being noised about the press room," he said, "that the crown prince is late for work the first time in months. One of these here new regimes you hear about, eh?"

"Don't be mean, Hank," Anne begged. "You're judging him very quickly."

"Who, me?" said Hank in a surprised tone. "I ain't judgin' nobody. I was merely trackin' a vicious rumor down to earth."

"All right, have it your own way," sighed Anne. "Look, I'm afraid I'm rather busy. Do you mind . . ."

"You don't have to wrap it up and label it 'Hint' for me to get it," said Hank. "O.K., I'm goin'. Here's hopin' you're right about your boy friend."

"He's not—" Anne began hotly, but Hank was gone, and she stopped. Her cheeks were hot. He's not my boy friend, she said to herself. Her sense of humor pricked her. "Darn it," she said out loud with a grin. "He's not."

"Who's not what?"

She jumped again. "He's not m— Oh, Jim, you're in!" She could feel herself blushing more. "Where have you been?" she asked hastily to cover her confusion.

He looked tired. There were lines around his mouth, and his grey eyes looked almost black.

"Would you mind coming into my office a moment?" he asked her.

"Of course not," Anne answered.

In the morning light, his office looked even smaller. Jim crossed over to his desk and picked up a piece of paper.

"Sit down, please," he said.

She obeyed, wondering.

"I don't suppose you know I have a brother," he said in a questioning tone.

Anne shook her head. "I guess I never knew much about you, anyway," she said. "You just came here a while ago, bought the newspaper, and started."

Jim smiled briefly. "Well, there's really no mystery about me. Father left me a little money when he died and I thought this paper would be a good investment, and would probably develop a thriving business. Thriving!" he laughed shortly. After a brief pause he continued. "My brother has been in school, and working summers. That's why no one has met

him. Early this morning I received a telegram from him. He has left school and—joined the army.”

“Oh, I . . . ”

“Skip the condolences, if that’s what you were about to offer,” he said sharply. “I don’t know why I bother to tell you—yes, I do—you’re—well, you’re different from anyone I’ve met here, and—and—Oh, I don’t know—I suppose . . . ” he became silent.

Anne was at a loss for words. She sat dumbly in her chair looking at him.

Jim continued, not meeting her eyes. “This is going to sound heroic and rather silly no matter how I say it, but I mean it, so I guess that will take some of the stickiness off it. When I got that telegram this morning it hit me all of a sudden how petty this whole thing was—that Baxter affair, I mean—It’s rather hard to explain but when you think of the solemn thing that’s going on over there—death and suffering—everything material just seems to fade out. I think I was out of my head to consider doing what I proposed last night.”

“I’m so glad, Jim,” Anne breathed.

He seemed scarcely to hear her. He pushed the ink bottle back and forth on his desk and went on speaking.

“It all depends on what you use to measure what you do with. Well, war is a pretty big yardstick and nearly everything else beside it is pretty small.” He swung around suddenly and smiled. “And the moral of that is—I’m going to join the army, too.”

“Jim!” Anne exclaimed. “But the paper . . . the whole business . . . ”

He smiled even more broadly. “I know I’m probably putting my foot in it by admitting it, but I think some women

have as much brains as men. What I mean is that after two years of working with you, I think you are the most capable, clever person I could leave in my place. Don't interrupt me please," he said putting up his hand. "I thought this all out on the way over and I'd hate to have you spoil it."

"I wasn't going to interrupt except to agree with you about that clever part," she laughed.

"This is the best part I thought out," he told her. "Maybe I'm rushing things, but war is no slow business. What I mean is, after all those speeches about money I made last night there should be some good result. Do you think we'd save enough money if we kept the paper in the family—if you know what I'm talking about?"

"Men do take an awful lot for granted," she parried. Then she smiled up at him.

Jim stood up. "Did I take too much for granted this time?"

She laughed gaily and held out her hand. "Well, maybe not too much."

TRANSFORMATION

Barbara Foote, '44

The soul has fled: and slowly now the flesh
Creeps back and to the earth again repairs,
As on light, golden wings, once black enmeshed,
The butterfly scorns its cocoon—a flare
Of beauty skyward bound, alone; and leaves
Behind a dismal, gaping body, motionless.
So too, our body dull with death, nor breathes
Nor moves, but rigid stares at nothingness.
Where then has gone that which we knew in life?
For we see now all which we saw before
And nothing more. Oh, thus does end this strife?
So much in life and nothing evermore—
No. Phoenix-like, our life springs from decay
And mortal death to endless life gives way.

SIGN POSTS

Barbara Gilbert, '44

The sea is not alive; it cannot know
How best to overwhelm our hearts with awe;
Yet we feel this awe in the timeless flow
Of wave on wave, obeying the Maker's law.
Nor can the sky be conscious of its power
To lift our minds to noble thought and deed.
Every modest, dainty, blushing flower
Unknowingly breeds love in those who heed.
The "frozen music" of a Gothic pile
Can rouse our minds to new, undreamed-of height,
Although it cannot know its power the while
To launch the soul in glorious, soaring flight.
These creatures daily fill their destiny
Impressing man with Beauty's harmony.

A BOOK OF VERSES

Barbara Gilbert, '44

WHAT'S in my lunch?" Joe shook the lunch box, but there was no telltale rattle.

"Now, don't open it, Joe. I put a surprise in it." His wife was half-joking, half in earnest.

Joe made a face. "If it's more home made doughnuts, I think I'd better be warned."

"There was nothing wrong with my doughnuts. Maybe they weren't quite so good as bakery ones, but after all, I can't be perfect in everything." Jane spread out her hands in a pretty little gesture.

Joe was gravely helpful. "Maybe if you'd fried them, instead of baking them, they would have been better." He glanced at his wife. "Of course they were potentially very tasty, if you ignored that Simoniz smell."

"Well, you have nerve, making fun of my cooking. You liked it well enough before we were married." Jane stood by the sink, her hands on her hips.

"A-ha! But I didn't know then what I know now. Your mother did the cooking and let you take the credit." With a self-satisfied smirk he ignored Jane's gasp of inarticulate rage, as he put on his hat and jacket.

She turned to the sink and began to rattle dishes, pretending to be fearfully angry. He fussed with his gloves for a minute, and when he saw no prospect of her relenting, he walked over to her and placed his hands on her shoulders, turning her gently round.

"Are you going to kiss me good-bye?" He tilted her chin.

"You insulted me."

"No, I didn't. I only meant your cooking, and outside of the doughnuts, it's tops."

She started to pull away from him. "There's nothing wrong with those doughnuts," Jane said in a determined voice.

Joe gave in. "All right, honey. You're the best little cook in the world, especially on doughnuts." He kissed her. Then he leaned over the crib which was near the table and lightly kissed the solemn-eyed baby.

"Bye, honey." He took up his lunch-box and started out.

"Good-bye, dear."

He closed the door and descended the three flights of stairs which led to the bare little back yard.

Jane ran to the living room window and waited until he appeared on the sidewalk. He swung up the street, a strong cocky figure in shiny navy blue trousers and leather jacket. Jane watched until he was out of sight, then she returned to the kitchen.

Singing softly, Jane washed the dishes and tidied up the little kitchen, talking now and then to the baby. When she had finished, she took off her apron, hung it up, and took down from the wall a tiny block of paper with a pencil attached. Gently moving the bassinet with her foot, she made out her shopping list. When that was completed, she put on her hat and coat, and wrapping the child in blankets, left the little flat, locking the door behind her. On the second floor she knocked at a door. A rich Irish voice said "Come in."

Jane entered the flat.

"Mrs. Murphy, would you mind watching Eloise while I go to the store? I'm sorry to have to keep ask . . ."

Mrs. Murphy took Eloise from Jane's arms. "I don't mind at all. You know that, dearie. She's a good little one, and no trouble." She sat down at the kitchen table, crooning to Eloise.

Jane smiled her thanks and went off to do her marketing.

After lunch when the dishes had been cleared away and Eloise was sleeping, Jane sat down by the stove to mend socks. She felt happy, and comfortable, and secure. Perhaps we haven't got much money, she thought, but we've got each other and Eloise, and there's really nothing else that matters. Maybe Joe'll be made a foreman pretty soon and then we could move somewhere else. Her thoughts ran on in this way, pleasant, secure, contented thoughts, until she heard heavy footsteps on the stairs. They stopped at her door, and someone knocked.

I'll bet it's that insurance man and I told him Monday was the day, thought Jane.

She got up and crossed to the door. Opening it, she saw Charlie Goff, a man who worked with Joe.

"Why, Charlie, aren't you working?" She stood aside to let him in.

"Yes, but I . . . " he began, slowly. He twisted his cap between grimy fingers.

She stared at him for a moment curiously, still holding a half-mended sock. Then her expression changed to fear.

"Joe? Something happened to Joe." Unconsciously she was jabbing the sock with a needle.

Charlie clutched his cap and tried to say what he had rehearsed. "Well, there was an accident . . . " he began, haltingly.

"Is he dead?" The frightened girl felt she would faint if he said yes.

"No, Jane, he's not dead. And he's not gonna die." Pity for her loosened his tongue. "He wasn't lookin' and his hand got caught in the press." He paused, then finished lamely. "They sent him to the City Hospital and I thought I better come up and tell you."

At first when Jane heard that Joe was alive, she felt nothing else mattered, but gradually she realized what had happened, and she was sick and frightened.

"I'll go over right now. I—I can leave Eloise with Mrs. Murphy." Jane, feeling as though her life was over, went into the bedroom to put on her hat and coat.

Two weeks passed. Jane spent most of her time at the hospital, for Joe was on the danger list. His left hand had been amputated. For three days Jane felt that he would die any moment. However, by the end of the second week, he began to improve. Although the pain was maddening, he was getting well.

Jane sat in the little white room and watched him with loving but anxious eyes. She felt that he had changed. His self-confidence had gone with the loss of his hand, and he was bitterly resentful toward the factory, and the doctors who had made the amputation. He knew in his heart that no one was to blame; his own carelessness had lost him his hand, but it is human to try to find someone to blame for trouble. Joe opened his eyes and looked at Jane. He had something to tell her and the anxious expression in her face made him uneasy.

"Jane, how'd you like to move to a nicer place when I get out of here?" He waited eagerly for her answer.

"Oh, Joe, I'd love it! But how could we do it? You won't be able to work for a while." Mentally she added, if ever.

He was encouraged. "Well, we'll have the insurance money and I think I could get back on my feet quicker if we had a

pretty house and I felt that you and Eloise were comfortable.”

“But, Joe,” practical Jane insisted, “we can’t squander the insurance money like that. It may be quite a while before we’re settled again, and besides, we haven’t even got the money yet.”

“I wasn’t thinking about the insurance money so much as something else, Jane.” He paused; but she said nothing. “Yesterday a man came to see me. He’s a lawyer and he wants to help us out.”

“How?” she asked, curiously.

“Well, I can’t put it the way he did, exactly, but this is the general idea.” Joe’s voice became hard and belligerent. “The company owes me something, a good big something, and this Mr. Murdock is going to see that I get it.”

“How, Joe?” Jane asked again, very quietly.

“Well, through him. He’ll do all the talking. I’ll ask the company for a settlement, and they’ll probably give it to me without any trouble, because I was a good employee and after all, I got hurt on one of their machines.” Joe, reassuring himself that he had a just grievance, was growing enthusiastic. “And if they refuse, I tell them that I’ll expose the working conditions in their factory and they won’t want any scandal, so they’ll pay me the money.”

Jane was aghast. “Why, Joe, that’s blackmail!”

“No, it’s not. I deserve to get some compensation.”

Jane changed her argument. “But, Joe, you’ve said yourself, I’ve heard you, and Charlie says so too, that United Eastern is one of the finest plants there is. You’ve boasted about the good working conditions, the kindness of your boss, and . . . Oh, Joe, I don’t understand.”

Joe was fogged. “It’s easy to boast when things are going well, but now I realize what a death trap I’ve been in.”

"You're talking nonsense," snapped Jane. "It's no death trap, and you know it."

"I lost my hand, didn't I?" Joe's face was crimson, and his eyes were glaring.

Jane felt like crying, she was so sorry for him. "I'm sorry, Joe. I didn't mean to lose my temper. What did you say this man's name is?"

"Murdock. He's a big lawyer uptown, I guess. He's interested in helping out people who don't know much about the law. He's a right guy."

Jane was trying to picture this philanthropist who had put such ideas into Joe's honest mind, but one ugly word always obtruded itself before his imagined face—*blackmail*.

"How much money are you planning on asking for?"

Joe was mollified by this time. He seemed almost apologetic when he stated the amount.

"Fifteen thousand dollars." He watched apprehensively for the effect on Jane.

She was singularly calm. In a hard voice, she demanded, "And how much is Mr. Murdock going to get of it?"

Joe was embarrassed. "One-third. But that leaves ten thousand for us. Why, we can buy our own home and have a little car and we can give Eloise the kind of life and education she ought to have."

"What is this Murdock man like?"

Glad to be back on semi-neutral ground, Joe was quick to reply.

"Oh, he's a swell fellow. You'd like him. He's in his thirties, kind of bald, just average looking. He's easy to talk to, and he wants to meet you; he's coming tomorrow at two-thirty. He brought that fruit on the table," indicating a massive assortment of fruit and candy. "And he brought me

some books, too. One of them's poetry. I thought if you weren't too tired, you might read to me a little before you left. I started one of them but it sounds better when you read it."

"All right, Joe." Glad of the change of subject, Jane picked up one of the books and read until it was time for her to leave. Then she kissed Joe good-bye and walked slowly home.

That night Jane prayed that Joe might come to his senses before it was too late. She knew he was bitter but she could hardly believe this bitterness had involved him in blackmail. Where was his conscience? Where was his common sense? But she knew that Joe's conscience was with him, and that he was fighting it down, and that was what made it worse because he was not ignorantly involved. He knew what he was doing. She considered notifying the police, but she knew that she had no evidence, and besides, that wouldn't help Joe's frame of mind. Near dawn she fell asleep, exhausted from worry.

In the afternoon Jane was sitting in Joe's room, waiting for Mr. Murdock. She had tried arguing with Joe and pleading, but to every strong argument and eloquent appeal his answer was the stump on his left arm.

"You can talk. You didn't lose a hand." Her strongest arguments could not break down that wall of bitter resentment.

"How long before he'll be here?" Jane asked in a low strained voice.

"About twenty minutes, I guess. He said he'd be here at two-thirty." Joe glanced round the room for something with which to relieve the tension. "Why don't you read to me

a while? Here, take one of the books he brought.” Without glancing at the title, Joe held out a book to her.

She rose and took the volume, opened it at random and began to read, unconscious of what she was saying:

Out of the dark that shrouds me
Black as a Stygian night,
I thank the Light that conquers
The fierceness of Might by Right.

Jane began to grasp the meaning. As if talking to herself, she read the next stanzas:

In the dire distress that mounts up
To envelop me in its pall,
I grasp for a Hand that beckons
Me to outclimb this wall.

I will not lose my footing,
But up with steady hold
I lift me above time's dark ways,
I stand on wall's summit, bold.

She felt that Joe was listening. Without looking at him, she went on, putting into her voice all the pride and love and anxiety she had for Joe:

No matter how steep the going,
No matter how rough the road,
For my Captain goes on before me
To ease me of my life's load.

He said nothing but she knew that the poem had affected him. She darted across the room, to kneel beside the bed.

“Oh, Joe, darling, don't you see what that means for us? We don't need the money. We have each other and Eloise, and our self-respect. You're never forced to do anything wrong and signing that paper is wrong. It's just like what

the poem says." She bent her head. "Oh, Joe, I don't want to see you do anything wrong. Say 'no', when Mr. Murdock comes."

Joe patted her head. "Don't cry, honey. You don't want to be crying when he comes. Come on, now, powder your nose and . . . " There was a light tap at the door. "He's here already. Wipe your eyes, quick."

Jane sat down again and wiped away the tears which had just begun to flow.

"Come in," called Joe.

The door opened and Mr. Murdock entered. He was tall, thin, well-dressed, and quite bald. His face had a mild, kindly expression. He might have been a doctor or a social worker.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Douglas." He turned to look at Jane.

"Hello, Mr. Murdock. Jane, this is Mr. Murdock, the man I was telling you about. Mr. Murdock, this is my wife."

"How do you do, Mrs. Douglas." Mr. Murdock gave her a friendly smile and bowed.

Jane nodded. "How do you do, Mr. Murdock."

The two men talked of the weather and Joe's health for a few minutes; Jane spoke only on being directly questioned. She felt sick and discouraged.

Mr. Murdock, judging that they had wasted enough time in preliminaries, opened a dispatch case he was holding.

"I have brought the papers for you to sign, Mr. Douglas, making me your legal adviser. I think we have discussed all the terms?" Mr. Murdock sensed that Jane was hostile to the scheme and that Joe was uneasy and unhappy in going against her wishes, so he avoided dwelling on the clauses of the contract.

Joe hesitated for a minute and glanced at Jane. She was

slumped in her chair, a beaten, disappointed figure. He persuaded himself. After all, I'm only doing it for her. And I've got no choice. A man's got to live.

Mr. Murdock was itching to get the paper signed and safely tucked in his brief case. He noticed the pleading look that Joe sent his wife and he was afraid of her influence. To draw Joe's mind away from her, he began to talk.

"You sign right here where it's checked, Mr. Douglas. You'll never regret this. The company will be only too glad to grant your request. After all, you've been a trusted employee and a good worker, and when you come right down to it, a man's got to live."

Joe with the pen suspended above the dotted line, paused. Two thoughts were pounding at his brain . . . a man has to live; "My Captain goes on before me." The words whirled round and round in his mind, until at last one was engulfed and the other emerged, triumphantly: "My Captain goes on before me."

Joe held out the pen to Mr. Murdock who was hovering over the contract like a vulture.

"Sorry, Mr. Murdock, I've changed my mind."

Unconsciously Mr. Murdock accepted the pen and screwed on the cap.

"But, but, I don't understand. You had decided . . ."

"I changed my mind, that's all." Joe was stubbornly insistent.

Jane, her eyes shining, came and stood by the bed. She clasped Joe's right hand. They both stared defiantly at Mr. Murdock.

He was regaining his poise. "I demand some explanation why you suddenly changed your mind when you had the pen in your hand. I'm entitled to some explanation."

Jane answered for them both. "I think you'll understand, Mr. Murdock, if you take back the book of poetry that you were so kind to lend Joe. There's a poem in there that tells why Joe is not going to sign."

"Yeah. The last lines are:

'My Captain goes on before me
To ease me of my life's load.' "

SUPERFICIES

Mary E. O'Brien, '44

Flaunt the standard, laud the gun,
Show him death as honor's due.
Sound aloud the martial air,
Clad him well in tan or blue.
Lo, a stalwart warrior there!
Fête the hero who has done
But the task you've led him to.
Hide the heart-ache, terror, rue—
He is only a boy you've there.

EDITORIALS

Our Generation:

In every age, the older generations have criticized the younger, seeing in the activities of those who are passing through the crucial, formative period of youth, an indication that conditions in future years will be far inferior to the "good old days". Our generation in particular has been criticized by those who did not appreciate the changes which have taken place in society since the first World War. The cynicism, the excessive materialism, the general lack of moral principles of the last twenty years, the financial hysteria of the nineteen-twenties, the economic depression of the nineteen-thirties, have all helped to mold a generation far different from those which preceded it. Its critics illogically condemned this generation for not living according to the pre-war standards which they themselves had overthrown.

Because of its carefree attitude, its craze for juke-box music and startling new dances, our generation was denounced as frivolous and irresponsible. The comfortable, if unconventional, style of dressing affected by the gang at the corner drug-store—sloppy sweaters, pushed-up sleeves, rolled-up trouser legs, dirty, scuffed, saddle shoes—was viewed with marked disfavor. Such careless attire was considered an accurate indication of the character of those who wore it. The nonchalant manners of the young people, which extended even to apparent disrespect for their parents, were denounced by those who had forgotten their own rebellion against authority. The extremely volatile likes and dislikes of our young generation in the matter of dance bands or movie stars, its enthusiastic acceptance of each new fad, was frowned upon as evidence of a lack of stability which would be dangerous in more serious affairs. All in all, our generation presented a sad outlook for the future.

Happily, the conduct of the youth of the nation during the present crisis has shown clearly that the faults for which they were so severely criticized were mainly superficial. Without complaint, they laid aside their plans for the future and set about the difficult task of winning the war. Officers of the various branches of the armed service agree that young men make the best fighters. Not yet accustomed to one, monotonous way of life, eager for adventure, they can more readily accommodate themselves to the unfamiliar conditions of North Africa or of Guadalcanal. Untroubled by any haunting fear of failure, they are not afraid to risk their lives in dangerous undertakings, discharging their duty faithfully even in the face of death.

These same qualities of adaptability, optimism, and courage are found in the young people behind the battle lines. The energy which was formerly wasted in "jitterbugging" is now directed toward the performance of unaccustomed and often distasteful tasks in factories and ship-yards. Their spirits are still high, however, and they do their jobs efficiently and enthusiastically. Serious youth groups have analyzed the factors which brought about the failure of the last peace, and are making sound, intelligent suggestions for the security of the post-war world.

Our generation has proved its worth amid the unparalleled circumstances of a global war. Those who formerly disapproved of it are now eager to accept the services of even seventeen and eighteen-year-old boys, whose glorious deeds are effectively blotting out the memory of their past shortcomings. When the war is over, the world will turn with confidence to its young men in the difficult problem of reconstruction. They have given ample proof that they will be worthy of the trust.

Alone, but Intrepid:

Probably, one of the best and most humane addresses to be uttered in recent weeks was that made by Pope Pius XII. Speaking with the authority of his spiritual position, the Holy Father forcefully denounced the indiscriminate bombing of civilians. Right-minded men and women must agree with his statements. War strategists on both sides defend this act on the grounds of necessity. They deliberately ignore the fact that legitimate military objectives are not placed near populous sectors. Consequently, the ruination of churches and residential sections accomplishes no useful war purpose.

The discontinuation of this senseless bombing should be effective in bringing about a more rapid conclusion to this cataclysmic conflict. It will likewise help to make the peace which is to follow lasting, without any smoldering rancor and remorse. The peoples of the world will more readily forget the tragedy of the death of their soldiers than they will the murder and plunder of their defenseless women and children and their property. To bomb a church which we remember since childhood will effect an unforgivable and unforgettable memory. The perpetrators of these nefarious deeds will not live enshrined on honor's roll.

The prevalence of indiscriminating bombing reveals the extent to which neglect of the spiritual in man has progressed. The worth and dignity of man seem to be no longer measured by the truth of the immortality of his soul, but by his usefulness to the war effort. Newspaper headlines scream the destruction of a Flying Fortress. Reports of the loss of human lives are relegated to a corner of the last page. Since the soul of man is thus little regarded it follows that the innate dignity of man is little valued. If the belligerents recognized man as the image of God, civilian bombing would cease. But, alas, noble deeds can not issue from pernicious philosophies.

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Magpie Traits:

The magpie is notorious among birds for an uncontrolled mania for the collection and preservation of worthless objects. These contribute in no way to the bird's sustenance. Analogies are often ridiculous, but few can deny the existence of an uncomfortable likeness between the habits of the magpie and a certain portion of mankind. There are far too many *magpies* amongst us; far too many people with a penchant for accumulating objects which are absolutely worthless. Their pursuit robs time, clutters space, and wastes energy.

Ask these illogical collectors of trivia of what value are the menu from the Rainbow Room, the clippings from the home town newspaper of 1929, or grandmother's broken-down sewing machine. We pause long and vainly for their reasonable reply. They had never considered their value. They preserved these worthless things without reason. This tendency rates them with the magpie collectors.

Now there is an inclination to preserve in the majority of us. Therefore, common sense should guide us in the endeavor. Instead of seizing every stray bit of rock, shell, paper, metal that catches our fancy, we should be far wiser to stop, look and discriminate. How about collecting literary forms which contain the best that is known and thought in the world?

This hobby would be more worth while than piling up a higgeldy-piggeldy assortment of every size, shape, and color sans worth of any kind.

But there lurks a greater danger than one of material disorder. Too many people, at the present time, collect and assimilate harmful theories. Because a man speaks over the radio, or propagates his views in the newspaper does not make him a *man of thought*. His views may be intrinsically evil, yet gullible people, like chattering magpies, collect them carefully. It is much easier to be a follower than a leader; it is much easier to think with the majority than to think with discernment. The mind deserves better than that of us. It should be nourished with the choicest of mental goods selected with the greatest care. If the world would but hearken, there would be fewer *magpie* minds.

* * *

You, too, can be beautiful:

Florence Gurk of the listless eye, Yellow skin and hair awry, Prominent teeth and crooked nose, Fat little figure in frumpy clothes, Read in the paper there would be A beauty column by Lily Lee. She read: "Miss Lee extends her pity To any girl who is not pretty; But you who are homely do not despair—Miss Lee will fix your face and hair, Smooth your figure and choose your clothes, Take her advice because she knows." Our little Florence made a vow To obey Miss Lee beginning *now*.

The first rule given was "Stick to type!" Tall and heavy, thin and slight, Quiet, noisy, shy or bold, "Stick to type!" Flo was told. But Flo didn't fit in any class, She was just an in-between, poor lass.

So she skipped that lesson and tried the next, Which made her utterly, utterly vexed: "Variety is the key to beauty; To change from type is a woman's duty." But wretched Flo couldn't change because, She didn't know what type she was.

She plodded on through Miss Lee's plan, "Copy a movie star!" it ran. "This is fine, this is grand! I'll be Corbina Wright!" she planned. (Corbina Wright of the haughty face Is tall and blonde with a feline grace.) Flo bleached her hair and slicked it down; She bought high heels and a slinky gown. She fondly thought, it's plain to see There's no real difference between Wright and me. The high-heeled shoes made her slip and slide, She wobbled when she tried to glide. But she slithered on and life was swell, Till she tripped one day and down she fell. A broken head and a bruised forehead Stopped her career and confined her to bed. Her hair returned to its normal color, The dress and shoes were thrown in the cellar.

Flo was depressed until she saw Miss Lee's latest beauty law. "Be Yourself!" the column said; Flo was so happy she bounced in bed. Goodbye to face creams, masks and potions, Farewell to rouges, powders, lotions. No more types or variations, No more silly impersonations. Florence Gurk of the listless eye, Yellow skin and hair awry, Prominent teeth and crooked nose, Fat little figure in frumpy clothes Followed the one rule she could obey, And remains herself to this very day.

CURRENT BOOKS

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay. By Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1942. 247 pages.

Has your morale had a nervous breakdown? Are you suffering from an acute case of what's-the-use-anyway? Do you feel like screaming? The remedy is simple, painless, and effective. Take a trip to Europe with Cornelia Otis Skinner and her friend, Emily Kimbrough. Leave 1943 in the care of MacArthur. Go back to a summer early in the 1920's when Americans, who had never heard of stamp #17 were tramping across the lawns of England; sipping champagne in Paris to the tune of *Mon Homme* and *Avalon*. You'll throw your worries overboard before you leave the dock at Montreal. You'll never even miss them after that.

Cornelia and Emily ("who attracts trouble the way blue serge attracts lint") were nineteen at that time. They were innocent and slightly irresponsible as were all of the post-war world of the '20's. By foregoing sodas and sundry, they had managed to save \$80.00, the cost of a passage to Europe on a Canadian Pacific liner. Cornelia's parents took passage on another ship. They did not want to cramp their daughter's style, but they felt that it would be "just as well to be in the same hemisphere" as the girls were.

From this point, the book takes us on probably the gayest, funniest tour of England and the Continent ever made back in those unbelievable days of peace and prosperity. Cornelia had to be smuggled into England, "like a shipment of narcotics", when she caught the measles. Emily had to be disentangled from a table bell cord by H. G. Wells on his hands and knees under the table.

The two girls were old enough to realize the beauties and charm of Europe; they were young enough to be thrilled by them. They prayed to St. Joan of Arc in the Cathedral of Rouen. They studied French at the Sorbonne. Cornelia composed a little skit. She wondered if some day she might even recite monologues in a theatre—who knows? One morning she found her lip swollen like that of a Ubangi native, but hers was not self-induced. The chapter about their contact with bedbugs (unmentionable word!) introduced by the swollen lip motif, is perhaps the funniest of them all. One doesn't smile as he reads it. He laughs loud and long, as he hasn't laughed since Pearl Harbor.

This book is something of a paradox. It is timely because it is so untimely. The world those girls knew has disappeared so completely that it is hard to believe it ever existed—but what a comfort to go back and reminisce. Nostalgia almost brings tears to one's eyes. It certainly puts joy again in one's heart. The book is intended for pure delight, and herein succeeds admirably. The illustrations are priceless. The style is a perfect blend of lightness and activity, and as Cornelia would say "le mot juste". There is humor of situation, much understatement, but no cheap brittleness for this book is at once tender and affectionate in sentiment. When the reader reluctantly reaches the last page, his heart is once more "young and gay."

Marjorie Greene, '43

Come Slowly Eden. By Laura Benét. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1942. 272 pages.

Laura Benét does not intend *Come Slowly Eden* to be a biography of Emily Dickinson. She intends it to be a fictionalized account of certain scenes and episodes in her life. Hence, imagination plays over them to weave a novel around her thoughts, her ideals, her hopes. Most biographers paint Emily Dickinson as an eccentric recluse. Laura Benét shows us a witty, blithe Emily; an intense, imaginative, rebellious Emily who had many friends and admirers. Emily the girl, Emily the woman lives again under the moulding pen of Laura Benét. Emily the poet, with her love for color and rhythm, with her artistry of near rhymes, with her wild originality and piquancy stands revealed. The three men who were thought to have influenced her poetry are well imagined. One especially, she fancies, led Emily to become "Amherst's Recluse in White". He was largely instrumental in the perfecting of her poetic powers because of the longing, the anguish, the love that he left in her soul.

The method of approach in this novel—the play of the powers of the imagination—does not obliterate the facts of Emily's life. Perhaps the skill of Laura Benét—the use of picturesque words, the almost perfect phrasing, the prose-poetry of her style—covers with the light of the ideal the true being who was Emily Dickinson. If this be so, it is a happy fault.

Come Slowly Eden is a timely novel. It deals with a poet who has

influenced many of our twentieth century writers, a poet who is widely read today. The book is an apt and effective introduction to the work of Emily Dickinson. To the lovers of Emily Dickinson, *Come Slowly Eden* will be of value. Although all the incidents are not founded on fact, yet all are possible, many are probable. If it were not Mr. Wadsworth who caused Emily to become a recluse, there was someone who influenced her to solitude and to revelation of her whole being through her poems.

Mary McGinnis, '43

Seventeenth Summer. By Maureen Daly. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1942. 255 pages.

This novel, which won the Dodd, Mead Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship, is a simple story about ordinary people. Angie Morrow first met Jack Duluth at the beginning of her seventeenth summer. They went out on dates, and without realizing it at first, they fell in love. This is not, however, just another silly story of puppy love. Miss Daly herself is young enough to appreciate the importance of the affair to Angie and Jack, but she is mature enough to keep her story from getting out of hand. From the first meeting until the final moment, when Jack stood watching the train which was bearing Angie off to college, the story progresses easily and logically, according to a well-defined pattern. The events of the summer and the summer itself move in parallel formation, reaching their climax together, and attaining the same perfect ending.

The characters are skillfully delineated. Angie, Jack, and their friends are living, breathing, intensely modern boys and girls, and Mr. and Mrs. Morrow are very believable parents, who, like so many other parents, are not aware of everything that their children think and do. A troubled romance between Angie's discontented older sister, Lorraine, and an unpleasant man from the city provides the contrast which gives the extremely slight plot a little more body.

Miss Daly's descriptive powers are excellent. Her nature portraits are especially successful, and the reader feels each change in the weather during that summer almost as keenly as do the characters themselves.

There is a typically American flavor to this novel. The Fourth of July parade, drinking cokes at McKnight's, and dancing to the music of the juke-box at Pete's are events which have their counterparts in every community. The novel has been widely hailed by critics as an excellent American Catholic novel, supplying a long-felt need and providing a welcome indication of what the new generation of American Catholic writers may accomplish. To our mind, this is a rather hasty judgment. It is true that *Seventeenth Summer* is set in striking contrast to many of today's most popular novels. However, there is nothing in the general tenor of Angie's thinking to prove definitely that she is a Catholic, created by a Catholic author. Her emotions and reactions are simply those of an average, not too unsophisticated, young girl, of no particular religion. Jack and Angie's attendance at Benediction together comes as a sudden surprise to the reader, and does not quite fit into the story. Certainly, the author had shown nothing in the character of Jack, who, by his own admission, had "been around a little," to prepare us for this sudden display of piety. It seems rather as if the author, realizing that her book is not particularly Catholic, is erecting a sign-post to point out the fact that she is trying to write a Catholic novel.

Nonetheless, one can derive a great deal of enjoyment from reading this book. It is not particularly exciting; it narrates no stirring deeds, and conveys no rousing message, since Miss Daly wisely writes only about those things which she herself knows well. It is simply an interesting, gracefully written story, which will touch a responsive chord in those who can still remember their own seventeenth summer.

Marie McCabe, '43

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IMMORTAL DIAMOND

Marjorie Greene, '43

AT FIRST glance, an attempt to connect the poetry of a young Jesuit convert studying theology "on a pastoral forehead of Wales" back in the 1870's with this our day of Woman Marines, A-cards, and coupon-books, might seem like love's labor lost. What could he possibly say to make a top sergeant stop and listen?

For the sake of experiment, suppose that a copy of Gerard Manley Hopkins's poetry, donated to a Victory Book Drive, has reached a lonely outpost in the Solomons. Our particular sergeant, after having demolished all available Japs, is suffering from the boredom of enforced idleness. He picks up the thin volume and flips the pages. Something catches his eye:

Why do we all, seeing of a soldier, bless him? bless
Our redcoats, our tars? . . . here it is: the heart,
Since, proud, it calls the calling manly, gives a guess
That hopes that, makes believe, the men must be no less.

Hm . . . He reads a little more.

Mark Christ, our King. He knows war, served his
soldiering through;
He of all can handle a rope best. . . .
. . . seeing somewhere some man do all that man can do,
For love he leans forth, needs his neck must fall on, kiss,
And cry "O Christ-done deed! So God-made-flesh does too:
Were I come o'er again" cries Christ "it should be this."

The sergeant looks down on his war-stained uniform. Somehow he feels less discouraged, less forsaken. He thinks, with relief, that at least Christ is not an absentee God. Perhaps

he gazes for a moment beyond the Pacific . . . to a little church he knows in Denver or Detroit.

The sergeant has fallen under the spell of Hopkins just as other readers have been doing, in ever increasing numbers, since 1918. At that date, Robert Bridges, England's late Poet Laureate, published the first collection of his friend's poetry. Surely without a hearing, such a writer cannot be condemned as "mid-Victorian."

Gerard Manley Hopkins was born in Essex, England, in 1844. He matriculated at Baliol College, Oxford. He became a Catholic in 1866. Two years later, he entered the Jesuit novitiate. He died in 1889, at the age of forty-five. On the surface, he led a quiet, unexciting life, serving in a few English parishes; then teaching Greek for five years at the ill-starred University of Dublin.

The former rector of this institution, John Henry Newman, was one of Hopkins's most precious friends. The two great nineteenth century converts corresponded until 1888. They first met at the Birmingham Oratory in 1866, when Hopkins needed Newman's guidance in the decisive step of entering the Church. "Don't call the Jesuit discipline hard," Newman wrote him not long afterwards, "It will lead you to Heaven."

Hopkins was already on the way. Even as a boy he was strong-willed. Father Leahy, S.J., his biographer, says: "He was over-sensitive to moral disorder and physical ugliness." His parents' violent opposition to Catholicism could not keep him from obeying his conscience. Hopkins was always a gentle-mannered man and a holy priest. He was patient with the faults of others; he was sternly severe with himself. Deep in his soul he waged a tremendous battle for perfection. His best poetry contains evidence that he had reached a

high degree of union with God before the day when he whispered, "I am so happy, so happy," and then closed his eyes for the last time. Keatsian sensuousness characterizes Hopkins's early poetry written in the Romantic vein then popular. At Oxford, however, he experienced a spiritual awakening which influenced his poetry to the extreme of asceticism, the complete mortification of the senses.

Be shelled, eyes, with double dark
And find the uncreated light.

he commands himself in *The Habit of Perfection*. This is the exhilaration of one who has forgotten to keep his feet on the ground while his head is in the clouds. Only when he learned, as a Jesuit, that the delights of the senses can be made to give glory to God did he find the right basis for truly great poetry.

On the stormy night of December 7, 1875, a ship carrying two hundred passengers struck a shoal along the Kentish coast of England. Among these passengers were five Franciscan nuns who were exiled from Germany by order of the Falk Laws. In this catastrophe, fifty persons, including the nuns, were drowned. Hopkins was so affected by the disaster that he broke seven years' self-imposed poetic silence to write *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. He had long been considering a new prosody which he now introduced into this thirty-five stanza poem, a poem which represents the culmination of his form and his thought.

Technically, this "sprung" rhythm, as Hopkins called it, was nothing new; Milton and Coleridge had both used it previously. Hopkins systematized and legitimized it. To him "sprung" meant "abrupt". In his emotional intensity he frequently omitted final syllables of words, relative pro-

nouns, thereby unintentionally adding to the difficulties that militate against a complete understanding of his poetry.

The Wreck of the Deutschland, then, is difficult; but efforts to penetrate its meaning are well rewarded. To say that the world today needs Hopkins's message is to voice a truism.

Thou mastering me
God! giver of breath and bread;
World's strand, sway of the sea;
Lord of living and dead.

What are these lines but the lyricising of the first pages of the Baltimore Catechism: "God made me; God made the world; He will judge the living and the dead; He is Master and King and Lord of all."

Hopkins stated that the first ten stanzas of the poem referred to a personal experience:

Thou knowest the walls; altar and hour and night:
The swoon of a heart that the sweep and the hurl of thee trod
Hard down with a horror of height:
And the midriff astrain with leaning of, laced with fire of stress.

In the second part of the Ode he pictures, very graphically, the courage of the nun in the midst of the storm: while

Night roared, with the heartbreak hearing a heart-broke rabble,
The women's wailing, the crying of child without check—
. . . a lioness arose breasting the babble . . .

She spoke five words—words which Nineteen Forty-three must learn to say on its knees to the Prince of Peace—

O Christ, Christ, come quickly.

She did not ask for rescue nor for a quick death. Her will was in absolute accord with God's will—that state of soul

which is the core of the mystical union. Perhaps, the most significant line in the whole poem is—

The cross to her she calls Christ to her, christens her wild-worst
Best.

Her Savior came to her under the appearance of a terrible storm and she recognized him joyfully. Ah, could we but learn, too, that Christ is helping us to carry our cross—a divine Simon of Cyrene! Hopkins thus links the mysticism of the nun with his own, unifying the two parts of the poem, and concluding it with a petition to the nun

. . . at our door
Drowned, and among our shoals,

to pray for the conversion of apostate England. These are but the high points in *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. It contains matter for the meditations of a life time.

Hopkins was completely Christo-centric. Everything of beauty his senses apprehended were, for him, reflections of God. In 1876 and 1877 he wrote a number of nature sonnets the simple theme whereof declares that the visible beauties of this world are made for the greater glory of God. *Pied Beauty* ends on this note:

All things counter, original, spare, strange
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

The sonnet entitled *God's Grandeur* is probably the best known. It deserves its renown, because it expresses the idea of God's Immanence and Providence with truly breathtaking words:

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod . . .
And for all this, nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things; . . .
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast, and with ah! bright wings.

Hopkins called *The Windhover* the best thing he ever wrote. He dedicated it to Christ, our Lord. The octette of this sonnet presents a matchless picture of a falcon wheeling through the air in the early morning. The sestet states that the power of the intellect to imagine the flying bird and to form the *idea* of the bird—that is, to grasp the essence of objective reality while leaving the thing, itself, materially untouched—is far greater than the power of the bird to sustain itself high in the sky. The poem is magnificent.

One of his most touching lyrics is *The Bugler's First Communion*. It tells very simply of Hopkins's priestly joy in giving a young soldier the Blessed Sacrament for the first time.

Here he knelt then in regimental red.
Forth Christ from cupboard fetched, how fain I of feet
To his youngster take his treat!

These lines are especially timely:

I . . . do serve God to serve to
Just such slips of soldiery Christ's royal ration.

Suddenly, the thought occurs (with no irreverence intended): that Christ does not require an eight-point stamp before giving us the Bread of Everlasting Life. We shall not starve while we have Him.

Hopkins is as modern as the fundamental principles of truth and love which do not change with the centuries. To use his own phrase, he is "immortal diamond" catching the Light of the World and reflecting Him gloriously.

THIEF

Marion C. Drew, '44

Out of the night
 Silently creeping,
 You came,
 To claim
 For your keeping
A gem, in your flight.

Then into the dawn
 Solemnly stealing
 With prize,
 Your eyes
 Grim triumph revealing.
You tiptoed softly . . . Gone!

Hark, Death! To your Goal.
 Fervently blending
 With love
 Above
 My prayer is ascending.
Weep not, dear Soul!

BLACKOUT

ONE-ACT PLAY

Marie Thomas, '44

Characters

ANTHONY CHALMERS—a nice husband if not a good mechanic

SUSAN CHALMERS—Anthony's long-suffering wife

AUNT HARRIET—whose welcome is worn slightly thin

MR. JONES—the stranger with interesting possibilities

MR. PFEIFFER—who has a sense of the dramatic

Place: The living room of the Chalmers' suburban home.

Time: A Spring evening in the present.

Scene: The Chalmers' living room is a cheery place, planned not so much for style as for simple hominess. There is a fireplace at RC—a large brick one in which a bright fire is burning. On each side of the fireplace is a big comfortable chair upholstered in dark green. One chair has a dark, mahogany coffee table in front of it: there is a low bowl of daffodils on it. To the left of the fireplace is the front door flanked with two tall windows. These windows have plain sheer curtains, green drapes printed with big gold flowers hang over them. At R. is a door, leading to a hall from which rise the stairs to the bedrooms. At L. French doors open on the sun parlor, a glimpse of which can be seen. It has conventional sun porch wicker furniture and some large, carefully cultivated potted ferns. At C. facing the audience, is a green sofa upholstered to match the chairs near the fireplace. Back of the couch is a table with a pretty

table lamp on it. Beside the couch is a hassock, of dull gold to match the print in the drapes. Wall lights on either side of the fireplace, small knick-knacks on the mantel, over it a pair of foils, crossed, a few pictures placed here and there, a book or two on the center table add to the lived-in appearance of the room and to its general attractiveness.

As the curtain rises, only one thing is out of place. A large console radio is pushed into the middle of the room near the couch. ANTHONY CHALMERS, the young master of the house is kneeling, fussing around the back of it with one or the other of the tools he has strewn around him, whistling through his teeth as he works. He is about thirty with dark tousled hair and blue eyes. When he stands up one can see he is quite tall. He is wearing gabardine slacks and a sport shirt. His charming wife, SUSAN, is curled up on the couch knitting a sweater for her husband and watching his operations with an anxious eye. She has soft blonde hair combed with studied carelessness. She is wearing a summer print dress. She puts you in mind of the typical American housewife you see in so many ads.

SUSAN: *(She loves her husband,—but after all, it is an expensive radio)* Anthony darling.

ANTHONY: *(Bearing hard on the screw driver)* Um.

SUSAN: Darling, are you sure you know what you're doing?

ANTHONY: *(Lays down the screw driver, offended)* Susan, my dear wife, do you or do you not want this radio fixed? If you are so suspicious as not to trust me, go ahead and call a service man and spend fifteen or twenty dollars having it repaired. Of course I knew just what was the matter the minute I looked at it. However, if you feel me incapable of . . .

SUSAN: (*Knows he would never give up the joy of fixing it himself*) It would never cost that much, Anthony. Go ahead, though. I trust you—if you insist.

ANTHONY: (*Takes a tube out of the radio, looks at it, and switches its position with that of another tube. Susan sighs*) Um.

SUSAN: Are you sure that tube belongs there? (*He ignores her.*) Anthony, why are you keeping the radio connected while you work on it? I never heard of anything like that being done. Won't you get a shock?

ANTHONY: (*Loftily*) An experienced man never gets a shock. (*As he is speaking there is a frightful crackling from the radio. He jumps as if shot.*)

SUSAN: Anthony, Great Heavens, are you hurt?

ANTHONY: (*Shortly*) It's only the static your dear Aunt Harriet is making by fooling around with her bedroom light. I asked her not to turn it while I'm fixing the radio. It reacts on it.

SUSAN: (*Calmly*) Don't you think if you fixed her light, darling, that it would end most of your worries?

ANTHONY: (*Most of his good humor returned*) Stop hounding me. What do you want me to do with the radio? I can't do two things at once can I?

(*Starts crawling around the radio on his hands and knees, obviously searching for something.*)

ANTHONY: (*Sing song*) The monkey-wrench, the monkey-wrench, who has . . . Oh (*Sees it over by Susan's foot*) Hey, pass the monkey, wench.

SUSAN: I ought to throw it at you for that. (*Picks it up and passes it to him. He is diverted by his joke and thinks himself quite clever.*)

ANTHONY: Pass the monkey, wench. (*Laughs, pleased*)

Say, that can really be developed. (*Puts screw driver inside radio, and bangs its head with monkey-wrench.*) How about—pass the pineapple, mousse, or even pass . . .

SUSAN: Any more of that and I'll desert you.

ANTHONY: (*Suddenly gloomy*) I wish your Aunt Harriet felt the same way about it. Gosh (*dreamily*) imagine her saying something like that to us. Would I give her a chance to retract it? No sir. "So sorry you have to leave, Aunt Harriet," I'd say, carrying her bags out. "So sorry, but if you feel you must, well, there's a train in just twenty minutes and we'd better hurry to make it." Gosh. (*Lost in a dream of his own, he shakes his head sadly*) Gosh.

SUSAN: (*Stiffly*) That's a nice way to talk, Anthony Chalmers. After all, she has no place of her own to go. A poor old lady like her and you want to throw her out in the cold to starve and

ANTHONY: (*Putting down the screw driver and banging the radio with the monkey-wrench*) Aw, it's practically summer in the first place, and she has plenty of money, and besides, if she'd only act like a poor old lady I wouldn't mind. But these crazy fads she gets are enough to drive me to marijuana.

SUSAN: To what?

ANTHONY: Marijuana. The joyous weed. (*Gives another bang*) Say, how old is Aunt Harriet, anyway?

SUSAN: Oh, I don't know. She isn't really old. About fifty-five, I guess.

ANTHONY: There's no chance of her doing anything like—well, getting married, is there

SUSAN: (*Surprised*) Aunt Harriet?

ANTHONY: (*Back to realities*) I thought not. (*Begins pulling a wire out from the middle of the radio. Pulls until*

there is about a yard out, then looks rather frightened and starts cramming it back before Susan will notice.)

SUSAN: (*Nothing escapes her*) Ye gods, Anthony, you don't have to pull its entrails out, do you?

ANTHONY: (*The never-wrong male*) I'm just making sure they're—I mean this wire is in good condition. (*Continues stuffing back, when suddenly there is a long wailing sound.*)

SUSAN: (*Frightened*) Anthony, what have you done now?

ANTHONY: (*Sits stupefied as the noise continues. Suddenly realizes the true cause.*) That's the Air Raid whistle! (*Jumps up and dashes over to the wall switch, puts out the light. Slides over to the table and puts that light out.*)

SUSAN: Put up the blackout curtains!

ANTHONY: (*Shouting*) Where are they?

SUSAN: (*With a wail*) I—I don't remember where. Where did I put them? (*Both start looking for them, rushing around aimlessly. They can be seen quite clearly by the fire-light. Anthony comes dashing around the couch and trips over the hassock. He falls with a crash and lies there.*)

SUSAN: (*Feeling her way toward him*) Oh, Anthony darling, did you fall?

ANTHONY: (*Bitterly*) No Susan, this is merely figure five in my new Danish exercises.

SUSAN: (*Getting on her knees and feeling under the couch*) Now I remember. I stuck them under here so they'd be handy. Here. (*Thrusting them at ANTHONY.*) All you have to do is put them on the little hooks over the windows.

ANTHONY: (*Takes the curtains and rises with an effort.*) Ugh! (*Makes his way to the windows cautiously.*)

(*As he is hooking the blackout shades up over the sun*

porch doors, AUNT HARRIET, disturbed by all the noise calls down the stairs.)

AUNT H.: Su-u-u-u-san!

SUSAN: (*Going over to the door at L and shouting*) Yes, Aunt Harriet?

AUNT H.: Whatever is that fearful racket?

SUSAN: It's a blackout, Aunt Harriet. Put out your lights and come down here.

(*There is a moment's silence, then a series of static crackles come over the still connected radio. AUNT HARRIET is evidently having difficulties with the light again.*)

AUNT H.: (*In the distance*) Do you think it is a real air raid?

SUSAN: (*Going over to the fireplace and putting on another log, still shouting at the top of her voice.*) Don't worry, Aunt Harriet, I'm quite sure that this is only another test, nothing to be alarmed . . .

AUNT H.: (*Appearing in the doorway*) Must you scream like that child? No lady ever raises her voice like that. (*At this moment Anthony has the last curtain hung and he puts on the lights again.*) Ah, that's much better. How cosy it all is here now, just the three of us. (*She smiles benevolently. AUNT HARRIET is a woman of indeterminate age, very thin and all angles. She bounces a lot when she talks and is fond of chucking people under the chin playfully. You know the type. She's the woman who is always cooing over strange babies parked outside grocery stores and begins all her conversations with children thus: "And how old are you, little boy?"*)

ANTHONY: (*Still bitter*) Yes, just the three of us.

AUNT H.: (*Bouncing down on the couch*) Anthony, dear boy, I just read the most fascinating advertisement in

the paper and I want to ask you a teeny, weeny, little favor. Will you give it to your Aunt Harriet?

ANTHONY: (*Cautiously*) Well—what is it?

AUNT H.: Ah, no, you must say yes first.

SUSAN: (*Taking up the poker to settle her log better*) Yes, Anthony, say yes first.

ANTHONY: (*Eyeing the poker*) Yes, Aunt Harriet.

AUNT H.: (*Bouncing up again*) Dear boy! I knew you would! (*She kisses him noisily*) Thank you so much!

ANTHONY: (*Backing away*) Thank me for what, though, Aunt Harriet?

AUNT H.: Why for lending me your fencing foils, you dear thing.

ANTHONY: (*His foils are one of his dearest possessions*) What! What did you say? My fize prencing roils!

SUSAN: (*Giggling*) You promised, Anthony. Get your prize fencing foils down for Aunt Harriet.

ANTHONY: (*If looks could kill*) But Susan . . .

AUNT H.: Oh yes, please do get them down for me right away. (*Confidentially*) I'm going to take a correspondence course in fencing. So good for the figure. Lunge! (*Lunges to the right enthusiastically*) Lunge! (*Same performance*)

ANTHONY: (*Hastily getting the foils down*) Here, Aunt Harriet.

(*As she takes them from him, the door bell rings. ANTHONY crosses over to the door while AUNT HARRIET goes on lunging and SUSAN sits down on the couch and peeks over the back to see who has come. He opens the door and two men slide in quickly lest the light go into the street. One of them is the local Air Raid Warden. He is small and stout and at ordinary times plain MR. PFEIFFER, the deputy sheriff who lives up the street. Tonight he is very businesslike and grave.*)

He saw MRS. MINIVER a month or two ago and it made a deep impression on him, an impression which is evident in his every action. The other man is a stranger—taller than MR. PFEIFFER and a little less stout. He is wearing a pencil-striped suit on the loudish side and an apologetic smile.)

MR. P.: (*Touching his eyebrow*) Beggin' your pardon, Mum, but this is a kind of emergency.

SUSAN: (*Unimpressed*) Hell-o-o-o-o. Mr. Pfeiffer. How is the Mrs. tonight? And all the little Pfeiffers?

MR. P.: (*Nodding toward her but ignoring her otherwise. Women have no sense of the drama of some situations.*) As I was going my rounds, Mr. Chalmers, I bumped into this 'ere cove wandering about the streets and I says to him, "'Ere," I says, "you can't be traipsin' around like this in an air raid," and he says. "But my car's stuck and I'm a few miles from home," so I says to him, "Well, the rules say that no one can be on the streets during a raid," I says, "Don't you know you should get into some temporary shelter?" I says, so I thought . . .

THE STRANGER: (*Interrupting*) I hate to intrude like this but as Mr. Pfiffer . . .

MR. P.: Pfeiffer.

THE STRANGER: (*Bows toward the warden*) Pfeiffer, suggested, I must go into some temporary shelter, so I wonder if I could infringe on your hospitality for a while.

AUNT H.: (*Rushing over*) Do come in, Mr. . . . er . . . (*Holds out her hand and smiles coyly at him.*)

THE STRANGER: (*Rather confused, being in already*) Thank you. My name is Jones. (*Shakes her hand, looking at her out of the corner of his eye.*)

MR. P.: (*Pleased*) Well, I have to get back on duty.

(*Bows to the ladies*) Thank you all very much. (As ANTHONY opens the door he salutes him smartly.)

ANTHONY: (*Puzzled, but saluting back*) Good night, Mr. Pfeiffer.

MR. P.: (*Sliding out the door*) Good night.

(*After he leaves there is a sudden silence. Then Susan rises to the occasion.*)

SUSAN: I'm sorry we can't offer you anything, Mr. Jones, but the kitchen has no blackout curtains yet, so . . .

MR. J.: (*Smoothly*) That's very kind of you, but you are too good to allow me shelter as it is.

ANTHONY: My name is Chalmers, Mr. Jones. My wife and her Aunt, Miss Riswell.

MR. J.: (*Meaningfully, trying to be gallant*) Miss . . . ?

AUNT H.: (*Leaping to the occasion*) Oh yes, still Miss—but by choice, of course. (*Motions to the chair with the foil.*) Won't you sit down? (*He crosses to the couch and AUNT HARRIET bounces down on the hassock in her best little-girl manner.*)

MR. J.: Er—I see you must like fencing.

AUNT H.: (*Laughing gayly*) Well, I *am* making an attempt to study it.

SUSAN: (*Pulling ANTHONY over to the fireplace*) Anthony, what an opportunity!

ANTHONY: (*Slow to grasp the significance of it all*) I don't see what . . . (*Light dawns*) Susan! you don't mean . . . (*Waves toward AUNT HARRIET and MR. JONES, engrossed in the study of the foil.*)

SUSAN: Yes, yes, yes, you clever man!

ANTHONY: (*Doubtfully*) I—don't—know.

SUSAN: Darling, it isn't often that a chance like this comes up. It *must* be fate. What else could it be?

ANTHONY: Well, do your best. I'm not stopping you, Heaven knows. It won't work, though. I may be blessed by the gods, but I'm not that lucky.

SUSAN: (*Ignoring his pessimism, and approaching the other two.*) My, what a nice conversation you two are having.

MR. J.: (*Nervously—does he have a premonition?—*) Miss Riswell was just explaining a little of the technique of all this. It sounds very interesting.

AUNT H.: (*Getting up*) Oh, that's enough about fencing (*Puts foils on top of the radio*) Let's talk about more interesting things. Are you from this town, Mr. Jones?

MR. J.: (*Obviously flattered by being considered more interesting*) Oh no, I'm from Boston.

AUNT H.: (*Leans on back of couch and looks down at him*) Ah, yes, the city. How I love city life! Really, there's nothing like it. Sometimes I miss it so much.

SUSAN: Keep still, Anthony Chalmers!

ANTHONY: (*Puzzled*) I didn't say anything.

SUSAN: I read your thoughts.

AUNT H.: Are you in business up there, Mr. Jones?

MR. J.: (*Rather confused with the way she is leaning down over him*) Er . . . more-or-less, more-or-less.

ANTHONY: (*Getting bored with it all*) Do you play bridge, Mr. Jones? (*SUSAN kicks him*) Ouch!

MR. J.: (*Glad of a way out*) Oh yes, indeed, I love bridge.

SUSAN: I'm so sorry, Mr. Jones, but the cards are in the sun parlor and we can't get in there with the blackout and all.

AUNT H.: Although there is a lot to be said for country life. The birds and the flowers and the—well, nature, you know, Mr. Jones.

MR. J.: That's true, it is lovely here. (*He has been glanc-*

ing around the room almost furtively as if searching for something.) But don't you get lonely out here in the suburbs, Mr. Chalmers?

ANTHONY: We think it's ideal here, Mr. Jones. Far from the madding crowd and all that. I take a train to the city every day; really, it's more convenient than you would think.

MR. J.: I mean the ordinary protections you're used to in the city. Firemen, and er . . . police.

ANTHONY: (*Rattling on, typical suburbanite*) We've just bought a new fire engine that's a honey.

SUSAN: And as for the police, well, there isn't much crime out here. A sheriff and a deputy do us pretty well. Mr. Pfeiffer the air raid warden is deputy sheriff, by the way.

MR. J.: Oh.

AUNT H.: (*She has been left out of the conversation too long*) And you should see our Post Office, Mr. Jones. Really a lovely building. And our new bank!

MR. J.: Bank, eh?

AUNT H.: The sweetest little thing you ever saw. Really Anthony, I'm almost tempted to trust my money to it.

MR. J.: Oh, you use the Boston banks.

AUNT H.: (*Unconscious*) Well, to be quite honest, I don't exactly trust them. I like to know my money is where I can lay my hands right on it when I need it.

MR. J.: (*Fascinated*) Really?

AUNT H.: Maybe that sounds frightfully old-fashioned, but we have a right to our little whims, haven't we?

MR. J.: (*Practically hypnotized*) Yes, haven't we?

(AUNT HARRIET *nods at him energetically, then strolls over to the window and peeks out, restlessly.*)

ANTHONY: (*Shouting*) Aunt Harriet, please get away from that window. You're letting light into the street.

SUSAN: (*Walks over to her and puts her arm around her.*) Mr. Pfeiffer would have fits if he saw a light, Auntie.

(ANTHONY goes over to regulate the shade again and the three then turn around to face MR. JONES, and to their amazement, a small black revolver.)

MR. J.: (*Leaning back against the edge of the middle table*) Sorry to startle you folks, but this opportunity is too good to miss. If you don't mind, I'd like that bank roll, Miss Riswell, and that diamond ring while we're at it, Mrs. Chalmers.

AUNT H.: Susan! Anthony! (*Screams*)

MR. J.: There's no cause for alarm, Miss Riswell.

ANTHONY: (*Taking a step forward*) Of all the nerve—Get out of here, you—

MR. J.: (*Reproving*) Uh, uh, Mr. Chalmers, no name-calling, please. I'm a peaceful man, and all I want is to be humored.

ANTHONY: (*Still advancing*) Put that gun away, or I'll . . .

MR. J.: (*Brandishing it*) One more step and I won't vouch for what the consequences will be.

(ANTHONY retreats, pulled back by SUSAN.)

AUNT H.: (*Cannot grasp it all*) Of course, you are only joking, Mr. Jones.

MR. J.: I'm quite serious, Aunt Harriet, and I repeat, get me that money.

AUNT H.: (*Dashing forward as if to escape upstairs*) Never!

MR. J.: (*Shouting*) Stop!

ANTHONY: (*Shouting*) Stop, Aunt Harriet!

SUSAN: (*Shouting*) Aunt Harriet, be careful!

AUNT H.: (*Screaming*) Never, never, never, never . . .

(*At the crucial moment, just as she is near MR. JONES, she trips and falls. In the midst of the excitement the all-clear sounds. AUNT HARRIET lies where she has fallen, apparently unconscious, next to the hassock.*)

SUSAN: (*In tears*) Now see what you've done, you—you fiend!

MR. J.: (*Paying no attention to AUNT HARRIET*) Your ring, Mrs. Chalmers.

(*Approaches her, holding out his left hand, ANTHONY puts SUSAN behind him and looks belligerent.*)

ANTHONY: Be calm, Susan, I won't let him have it.

SUSAN: (*Quavering*) I don't see how you can stop him, Anthony.

MR. J.: (*Laughing meanly*) Neither do I, Mrs. Chalmers.

(*While this is all going on, AUNT HARRIET lifts her head and shakes it, dazed. She gets up cautiously, and looks around for help. She sees the foils which unfortunately are on the radio, and well out of reach. As she wavers, MR. JONES turns half-way, intuitively. AUNT HARRIET hesitates no longer, scrambles over to him and presses her forefinger in his back.*)

AUNT H.: (*Authoritatively*) Drop that cannon, Mr. Jones.

(MR. JONES *hesitates.*)

AUNT H.: Drop, it I say, or I'll run you so far through with this foil that you'll look like the main course at a barbecue.

(MR. JONES *drops the gun. ANTHONY swoops it up and levels it at him.*)

ANTHONY: I've got a good mind to . . .

(The door bell rings and MR. PFEIFFER pokes his head in.)

MR. P.: Raid's all over folks. You can take down the—sa-a-a-a-ay, what's all this?

ANTHONY: *(Over his shoulder)* Mr. Jones turned out to be an overly ambitious guest. Do you want to take over, Mr. Pfeiffer?

MR. P.: *(Dropping the MRS. MINIVER air and becoming DICK TRACY)* I've heard there were people like him around. Take advantage of folk's patriotism and kindness to rob 'em. Well, your number's up, Jones. It'll be a long time before you bother any one. Come along with me, now.

(JONES, turns, sees AUNT HARRIET still standing with an outstretched index finger. Jaw drops.)

MR. J.: Where's the sword?

AUNT H.: *(Weakly motioning)* Over there.

MR. J.: *(Disgusted)* Of all the— *(Groans)* I'm coming, Mr. Pfeiffer. I deserve what I get for being so dumb. If this ever gets out I'll be ruined socially. Captured by a woman . . . without a weapon. *(Groans again)* I ought to be hanged.

ANTHONY: *(Picking up the foil)* And drawn and quartered, Mr. Jones? *(MR. JONES shudders.)*

MR. P.: O.K. Come along. *(Takes gun from ANTHONY, snaps a pair of handcuffs—he is never without them—on MR. JONES and goes to the door. Sticks out jaw and looks stern.)* Good night folks. *(They go.)*

AUNT H.: *(Her brightness returning)* Well, this *has* been an exciting time, hasn't it?

ANTHONY: *(Sinking down on the couch and wiping his forehead)* Aunt Harriet, you are a woman in a million.

SUSAN: *(Kissing her)* How brave you were!

AUNT H.: *(Deprecatingly waving her hand)* Oh, it

wasn't anything, really. (*Picks up foils and looks at them.*) You know (*thoughtfully*) I think I'll transfer to "How to Confound Your Friends with Sleight of Hand." Now that I consider it, I think I'd rather do something less strenuous. (*Starts towards door.*) Well (*waving gaily*) good night, every one. I'm going to bed.

ANTHONY: (*Humbly*) Wait a minute, Aunt Harriet. I'll go up first and fix your light for you. It won't take me long.

AUNT H.: (*From the doorway*) Don't bother, Anthony, dear. I'm thinking of leaving you for a short time to go up to Boston. I want to pay Nell Rincaid a little visit. (*Exits and starts up stairs.*) What that man said (*shouting*) made me homesick for it all. Excitement, adventure . . . (*voice fading*) It will be *such* a lovely change. I think, my dears, country life is so-o-o-o monotonous!

(*There is a second's silence, then as a terrific crackling comes from the radio, the curtain falls.*)

MIRACLE

Barbara F. Van Tassel, '44

Over night in winter a miracle occurs,
When a stardust snow storm falls on little firs.
In the diamond morning the miracle you know
When you see a wondrous thing—evergreens and snow.

UNDER THE SEA

Irene Gwynn, '44

. . . He paused. With wonder vibrant in my voice
I said: "How odd that this should be your choice."
And then could say no more—more words were trite.
The sea, the sighing sea which gives delight
And subtly snares the hearts of all who've seen
Her laughing lips, has yet another side—
The aqueous home of mermaid and undine
Long banned to man. But he, knowing, could confide
His life to mercy of the submarine,
And yearn to sail again at turn of tide.

RECOMPENSE

Marion Riley, '44

September is but April's promised child,
October's hues, fulfilment of fair May.
The muddy brook which barefoot Bob beguiled
Would it intrigue the lawyer of today?
Then why should youth with ruthless hand and wild
Forever fight to keep old age away?
With Springtime's joy and early beauty gone,
An Autumn day brings richer deeper dawn.

UNSCHOOLED

Marie A. Thomas, '44

While restless I lie and sleepless dream of sleep
And wait its soothing kiss with longing sighs,
My body folded round with darkness deep
And blackness pressing heavy on my eyes,
Through all the Stygian quiet there is no sound—
I almost hear the stars swing in their way.
Time, pitiless, half pauses in his round
And makes each lingering moment seem a day.
Then do my thoughts, unwilling, turn toward you
Whom I have vowed forever to forget.
Defenseless in the dark I once anew
Remember, and remembering, regret.
Our minds might teach our hearts a lesson stern,
But hearts at night forget what rules they learn.

THE STRANGER

Rose Marie Buckley, '43

THE doorbell chimed softy. Mrs. Smythe, her coat on her arm, her hat perched precariously atop her modish coiffeur hurried down the heavy carpeted stairs, dashed through the hall and vestibule, and breathlessly opened the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Smythe. I'm . . ."

"Yes, yes, my dear. Come in, come in. It's hard enough to heat the house on rations much less the whole neighborhood."

"Thank you, Mrs. Smythe. I'm sorry to be . . ."

"Don't be silly, my dear. You got here as fast as you could and I appreciate it. I just can't seem to adjust myself to this new situation. Nora left first, then Diana, Margery's nurse, and I'm at my wit's end."

She pinned her hat into position.

"But I must keep up my war work. So tonight you are really helping the cause."

"That's what I want . . ."

"Of course, we all do. Well now, Margery won't wake up." She struggled into her coat. "But the phone goes wild. Be sure and write everything down. The Colonel tears around if his messages aren't clear. Paul and Jimmy don't have keys, so listen for them. Clarence has, so don't even think about him. When he comes, you may leave, and, thank you, my dear. Good . . ." The door gave a hasty slam and Mrs. Smythe was gone.

". . . Grief," finished Debbie. Her wide-eyed bewilder-

ment gave her the appearance of a child as she stood staring at the bland white door. The car door slammed. Debbie arrived at the window in time to see the tail-lights of Mrs. Smythe's car disappear around the corner.

Well, Debbie my sweet, figure this out if you can, she thought, sinking into the nearest exquisitely carved highback chair. Mrs. Smythe's most prized antique groaned warningly and Debbie bounced up again.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," she gasped. She strode from room to room looking for some explanation. Then, remembering Margery, she retraced her steps through the maze of rooms and bounded up the stairs. She was stopped halfway by the jangle of the phone.

"Oh, let it ring," she muttered and continued to the top. There before her was a life size painting of a man in uniform.

"Oh, my gosh," Debbie cried, "that's either Napoleon or the Colonel. But I'm taking no chances." She flew down to hunt for the phone. After a panicky search she found it behind a little ivory screen.

"The Smythe's residence. No, Mrs. Smythe is not at home. May I take a message? Who please? Betty. Yes, uh huh. Yes. Well, don't worry. Mrs. Smythe has found someone to take care of Margery. Yes. Good-bye."

Slowly Debbie put the phone back in its cradle. "Oh, so that's the score. Well Debbie, you won't sell any more chances tonight, but this looks as though it might be fun."

She took off her hat and coat and strolled leisurely to the stairs, this time going up as she had practised with a book on her head. Meeting the Colonel on the top she informed him, "It wasn't for you. It was for Betty—that's me."

She moved from room to room looking for her charge.

She found it and began fumbling for the switch. The soft light flooded the dainty blue and white room and danced on the gold-hair-swept pillow. Debbie moved noiselessly to the little white bed.

"What a lovely child." Then tiptoeing to Margery's dressing table she performed those little "musts" the presence of a mirror creates for a girl. Suddenly a tiny sleepy voice announced:

"You're very pretty."

Debbie jumped up. "Oh, did I wake you?"

"Oh, no, no," Margery hastened to explain in the middle of an enormous yawn. "I don't sleep very well. Mother and I have an awful time."

Debbie smiled understandingly, tucked her in with a few wise words on the value of sheep counting and prepared to make a quick exit. Just as she was going to close the door a frightened wail sounded.

"Are you going to leave me alone?"

* * *

The dying fire crackled and snapped sending flame-lit specks up the chimney. Margery had long since grown weary of all the fairy stories Debbie could remember and had fallen asleep cuddled up beside her. They made a lovely picture sitting so quietly in the firelight; at least so the tall young man standing in the doorway decided. He turned to leave as Debbie saw him. She cautioned him to be quiet, then beckoned to him.

"You must be Clarence," she whispered. "I'm Debbie, the nursemaid for this evening, I think." She noticed how strong his features appeared silhouetted against the firelight.

"Hello," he whispered in reply. "I hope I didn't wake you."

"Oh no, Margery is the sleepyhead. I have been trying to figure a way to get her back to bed." Debbie looked up at him, her request quite evident.

He hesitated a moment and then asked, "Anybody home yet?"

"No, you're the first."

Without further ado he gathered the golden-haired child in his arms, stood looking at her and then at Debbie.

"Er—I'll lead the way," offered Debbie.

"Righto."

When they arrived at the top of the stairs Debbie, indicating the painting, asked, "Your father?"

"What? Oh no, no, just an heirloom."

Margery was put successfully to bed. They tiptoed out and with a few misgivings Debbie softly closed the door.

"Now that you are here," she whispered, "I can go home. I didn't expect you until much later."

"How much later?" he queried.

"Oh, about an hour."

"Well, why don't we raid the icebox," he suggested.

Debbie, although conscious that Emily Post would not approve answered, "I think it would be fun."

"Madame, one moment. I'll get you a menu," he whispered.

Debbie's bright tingling giggle startled him "Why are you whispering, silly? Margery can't hear us from here."

"Uh? Oh yes. I guess you're right," he agreed.

Debbie watched him fumbling around and finally demanded, "Here let me take over. Men are so helpless even in their own kitchens."

Soon they were sipping hot chocolate, talking and laughing like old friends.

"That is an experience. Now tell me, Debbie—"

"No, not another word," Debbie interrupted. "Now you tell me. Why does the world owe you a living?"

He looked at her quickly and Debbie thought of the time her puppy got caught in the porch step.

"I never said it did," he snapped.

Now what have I done, thought Debbie, and added brightly, "Well the world owes every artist a living."

"Very true," he agreed. "Only I'm no artist."

"Every one is an artist. Even if it is only the art of living he attempts," Debbie philosophized.

"The art of living," bitterness hung on his every word. "This is the wrong day and age for that."

"Oh, don't be like that," Debbie admonished.

"Oh no, no, of course not. I'll continue to live in my own private little hell, but I won't be like that! All night I hear the sound of motors and the whine of bombs; the marching feet of the dead, the sighs, like the eternal drone of the ocean, of the loved ones left behind. The living! Huh! Half of them may as well be dead! Oh, don't mind me—I think I'm going mad."

Debbie stared at him, thinking there was no doubt he was right. "Oh no, don't be silly," she sympathized lamely.

"Get in the scrap. Uncle Sam needs you—for what; for what, I ask you?" he leaned across the table searching her eyes intently.

"Well, I don't know exactly—I . . ."

"I'll tell you why." He slammed his fist down on the table. "To go out and add just as many as you can to the human carnage; add to the marching feet, the shedding of tears." He bounded from his chair and started pacing up and down.

"Well, for Pete's sake," ejaculated Debbie. She watched him raging up and down. If I could only say something really clever. What was it Tom said to me? She puckered up her forehead and took a big breath.

"Clarence, you know when you can't think of anything else there is always a good reason to die."

He jerked to a stop. "Are you kidding?"

"No, die that others may live."

He looked at her contemptibly. "Oh, come down to earth. That's all right for you to say. You don't have to fight."

Then he looked at her again as though he had not really seen her before. He saw her before the fire, the child asleep in her arms. He saw her moving noiselessly around the nursery and then in the kitchen so sure of her little world. He saw her now; in her eyes a look of mingled fright and wonder.

"That others may live," he muttered.

The doorbell chimed. Debbie jumped up. "That must be the boys." She ran to the door and flung it open. The young man who confronted her was a bit upset.

"Oh! Hello! I'm sorry to bother you."

"Oh, that's all right. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I'd be ever so grateful if you let me in. I'm Clarence Smythe." Noting her surprised disbelief he added in explanation, "I live here. Honest. I forgot my key."

"But, but you aren't—you can't—I mean." Debbie fled to the kitchen leaving bewildered Clarence at the door. There was no one there. The back door was open. She peered out trying to pierce the darkness. The lonely silence of softly falling snow hid from her the sounds and sights of night.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

Marion C. Drew, '44

Worn stairway, guide of weary feet to rest,
Oft o'er its rail small, impish legs were curled.
Clear window panes where busy noses pressed,
And wondrous eyes beheld a flowery world.
Refuge of sweet childhood's tender years
This house enshrined in laughter, love, and tears.

This house still stands upon the distant hill;
Though empty now, its echoes yet ring on;
Though rooms where laughter rippled free lie still,
And bubbling children long since grown have gone.
But memories of youth will ne'er depart—
This house has tied a love-knot in my heart.

POETS OF THE HUMBLE

Florence Early, '42

THE Christian spirit is the only force capable of unifying men who differ so greatly in their birth, their station in life, their temperament, their appearance; in everything save their philosophy. It is this Christian spirit, so vital a part of their being and so striking a characteristic of their work, which determines the greatness of two contemporary poets: the Reverend Leonard Feeney, S.J., and Francis Jammes. The Christian senses beauty in all creation, seeing everything in the light of God. He sees God displaying His glory in the simplest of things; the flower of the field, the donkey, the poor man, and thus he assigns to these creatures their true importance and dignity.

Father Feeney, the American, and Francis Jammes, the French poet, resemble each other greatly in this respect. These two singers of the humble have a lively interest in the simple things; things lowly and unassuming, regardless of rank or condition, things which nevertheless all bear the mark of God, their Creator.

Jammes is called the "Poet of the Real Presence". After his conversion, all things had for him a new supernatural beauty because he saw in them the Sacredness, the Goodness, and the Wisdom of God:

The bird, the tree, the stone had a splendor
That he was not accustomed to recognizing,
and the tile beaten on
By the setting sun was deep and clear.

Jammes tries to share this sentiment with us in the little

selection of poetic prose, *Aux Pierres*, which states that if we open our eyes, we shall find beauty even in the commonplace. His little resumé of the role that a stone plays in human life is an attempt to evoke in us a feeling of tenderness and sympathy for the lowly things.

Father Feeney, likewise sings the glories of common things, although more lightly, in his little poem, *Song of India*. It resembles a litany to rubber. Who, other than he or Jammes, could have received so much inspiration from a pebble or a bit of rubber?

It is again the simple people who interest these two poets. A love for souls is most evident in their work. In *Le Tramway*, which is really poetic prose, Jammes presents to us a sympathetic little drama of the poor. *La Prière Pour Qu'Un Enfant Ne Meure Pas* shows the affection of the poet for the dying infant. He begs God:

Father, preserve for them this tiny child
As you preserve a blade of grass in the wind.

Similar sentiments are evoked by a child in the heart of Father Feeney. He shows in *Admiring Maura* and in *Measuring a Crib* his love for this little creature of seven weeks, because

Oh, what infinite condescensions
Heaven has made to this crib's dimensions:
Satan has measured a hole in Hell;
But Mother Mary is watching well,
Jesus remembered the day He died,
The Holy Spirit has sanctified:
Two feet long and one foot wide.

He sees the true grandeur of this simple creature of God!

Even towards animals Jammes shows great sympathy. He delights in looking at the little world of animals, birds, in-

sects, discovering in them grace and charm. He writes of the dog, *Le Pauvre Chien*, *Mon Humble Ami*, *Mon Chien fidèle*; the oxen and the sheep, *J'ai Fumé Ma Pipe en Terre*; birds of all kinds—the quail, the rail, the bustard, the heron, the ducks, *Voice Les Mois d'Automne*; but particularly, the donkey which is lowliest of all. The donkey has a very special place in Jammes' affections and in his work. Three poems are dedicated to him: *Conclusion*, *J'Aime l'Ane*, and *Prière Pour Aller au Paradis Avec les Anes*. He seems to identify himself with this lowly animal in order to feel its sufferings. To him are attributed the following words: "I pass along the way like a laden donkey at which the children laugh and which hangs its head." In *Prière Pour Aller au Paradis Avec les Anes* he expresses a desire that in Paradise, "inclining over the divine waters," he may be

like unto the donkeys
who will see their sweet, humble poverty
in the limpidness of Eternal Love.

One has only to read the titles of Father Feeney's poems to notice there the place held by animals: *The Donkey*, *Reflections on a Flea*, *The Bee*, *Snails*, *Mouse Trap*, *The Dove*, *Moth Memories*. Although he does not exactly identify himself with these creatures as does Jammes, one readily notes his love for them: for the little mouse whose courage he admires for daring to appear in public; for the flea because it is a tangible reality; for the dove, symbol of the Holy Ghost; for the rabbit which was made by God

More for virtue than utility . . .
Out of man some tenderness to take,
Just for pity's sake.

Are not these the same sentiments that we have just found in Jammes, who loves donkeys so dearly

. . . because they hang their head
meekly, and pause bringing their little hoofs together
in a very leisurely way which moves one to compassion?

Finally in nature too, it is again the commonplace that inspires these two Christian poets. After all, nature's splendor is nothing but the reflection of God's beauty, such as we are able to grasp with our limited human mind. In *J'Ai Fumé Ma Pipe en Terre*, Jammes paints a rustic scene, the return of the flock, arousing in us sympathy for this simple life with all its details. *L'Eau Coule Dans La Boue* is another sympathetic and very exact image of the beautiful but simple nature unknown to city-folk. Father Feeney, also, is impressed by the simple objects in nature, like the rose, *The Rose*; the rainbow, *After the Shower*; the meadows, streams and swamps, *Sheep Ritual*.

It is evident, then, that these two poets are very similar in their love of the humble. They differ from each other, however, in their way of expressing this love, in their manner of handling the same subject, in their style. If we study their treatments of the donkey, equally loved by both, we shall see in the concrete this difference of genius. Father Feeney is more philosophical than Jammes who is concerned rather with description, with conveying a simple impression.

The most striking difference between them is their style. Jammes uses a very free form with a marked irregularity in the stanza, the verse, the rhyme, and the rhythm. He has a keen vision, a gift of painting exquisite images. For example, in *Je M'Embête*—

I am bored, gather for me some young girls
and some blue iris in the shade of the yolk-elms

where blue butterflies dance at noon,
because I am bored
and I want to see little red insects
on the cabbages, the garlic (they say "des aulx") the lilies.
I am bored.

There is nothing like his originality and unexpectedness which are exemplified in the above stanza in the singular classification of lilies with cabbages and garlic.

A most conscious artist, Jammes is masterly and scrupulous in his choice of words, in his sentence construction. "His style flows in light strokes that may be taken as pure impressions—strokes chosen with a severity of taste, a common sense, a truth which gives them the solidity of a continuous design."

Father Feeney, on the contrary, writes in a form that is at once regular and very original. Although he follows rather strict rules of techniques for rhyme, rhythm within a poem, yet he has almost an infinite variety of forms for his poems. Among those of one stanza, is *Snails*, the little couplet in trochaic trimeter:

Snails obey the Holy
Will of God slowly.

and *The Bee* in which the verses are shorter but more numerous:

God to some
Sticky stuff
Not yet alive
In a hive,
Said, "Come! Hum!
Glorify Me!
Be My Bee
And buzz,
As I bid!"

And sure enough
It was!
And it did.

and *Good News*, which is composed of thirty-two verses in iambic tetrameter. The "poet-priest" is fond of the couplet, but he is master of the stanza no matter what the length. His simple language and naiveté of expression are exemplified in these verses taken from *After the Shower*:

God flung a violet boomerang,
Arched the ocean from coast to cape,
And, oh, it was gorgeous again to gape
At Hope set up in a horse-shoe shape!

The clever play on words in *Song of India* depicts a little child who, surrounded on all sides by rubber objects, sneezes, "caoutchouc" (the French word for rubber). This poem shows the delicate wit of Father Feeney. Another outstanding characteristic of his agile genius is his singularity of titles. Choose any of his volumes of poems and run through the table of contents. Our interest is quickly aroused by intriguing titles. We find, *Stanzas for the Unastonishable*, *The Feature Feature*, *Measuring a Crib*, *Hilarion*, *Melody in a Meat Market*, *Cowardination*, *In Praise of Electrons*, *The Hound of Hell*, *A Munster Memory*, *Ferverino in a Fruit Store*, *Obsequies in Ebony*. Many of Jammes' poems, on the contrary, are untitled.

These characteristics point to the chief likenesses and differences between these two great contemporary poets, one, however, in spirit. A love of the humble is the most precious gift of each. This spirit, at times almost intangible and most difficult to analyze is more easily grasped and far better appreciated by direct contrast. Read the works of Francis Jammes and of Father Feeney.

BEATING BENEATH

Mary McGinnis, '43

WHEN the cold wind howls, and the night is starless and dreary, there is something about a cozy living room, a blazing fireplace, a good book, and a congenial companion that gives the feeling of peace and security. On other nights, Ellen Pierce had reveled in the warmth and the glow of the crackling fire, the peace she had felt. But tonight something was lacking. Her husband, Ed, was still here with her. Yet, somehow he wasn't really here, for his thoughts were far away.

Ellen asked curiously as she glanced up from her book, "Ed, of what are you thinking? You've been gazing into the fireplace all night, and mumbling to yourself."

"Nothing special," he answered laughing. "I was just thinking about what you, my little philosopher, said this morning. Wasn't it something about feeling the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are?" Then with a laugh and a shrug of his shoulders he teased, "I don't know what I'd do without your reflections on life."

Suddenly, his smile vanished. His eyes, looking at her, seemed to pierce her very soul. Ellen had seen him laugh before at things she had said, and then suddenly gaze at her penetratingly.

"Well, what is my mystery man thinking about now?"

"How wonderful you are."

She realized, even though she was his wife, she never really understood him. He would laugh and fool with her, and love to listen to her sundry views on life, but always he

seemed apart. Too, lately he was continually mumbling and scribbling on paper.

Is it lack of interest? Is it some other woman? Is it his work at the office? What makes him so pensive, so strange of late? Ellen wondered as she met his fixed eyes.

"Love should hold no secrets, Ed. Come on, tell me why you just stare at me like that."

"I think I'll take a walk," he replied evasively.

With an odd look he went off into the darkness, alone with his thoughts.

"What is the matter with him? Is he a Jekyll and Hyde? How can he smile lovingly at me one minute, and glare at me the next?" she asked herself. "Perhaps, there is . . ."

At that moment green-eyed imps filled her mind, crowding it with images. She was becoming jealous, jealous of the unknown. She struggled with the imps, and even tried to kill them. Then, she tried to ignore them by picking up a volume of Shelley's poems. Being in no mood for poetry, however, she slowly prepared for bed, whispering, "Where could he go at this hour? He doesn't usually take a walk. He seems desperate. He's hiding something."

She could not sleep. She tossed. She thought of him so much that her mind was filled with a whirling agglomeration of facts, fancies, doubts, and fears. Finally he came home. Ellen heard him. He was mumbling. He did not go straight to bed, but stayed up for what seemed to her like hours.

Ellen lay tense. At last exhaustion overcame her, and sleep blotted out her fear and jealousy.

Soon, morning's light shone through the windows. The alarm clock rang. Ellen awakened to find her husband sleeping soundly.

Glancing fondly at Ed's tousled head, she shook it to

awaken him. Then, after hurriedly dressing, she hastened to a bright, cheerful kitchen.

The aroma of coffee, the smell of burnt toast, and a puzzled looking wife greeted a smiling, mischievous looking husband.

"Well, the mystery man is smiling this morning," Ellen jollied. "Incidentally, what was the idea of walking out on me last night?"

She was trying to be casual and gay. Really, she was perplexed. Those imps were still prowling around in her thoughts.

He replied, hesitatingly, "Oh, I just felt like getting some air."

But as he spoke, he seemed to be trying to tell her something.

"Dear, what is it? Why have you been acting so oddly lately?—mumbling to yourself, scribbling, and now, even taking walks at midnight? What's bothering you? Is it your work?"

"Yes," he replied. Then he quickly followed the statement with, "Of course not, dear. Nothing is bothering me."

He gazed at her for a long time. Then without another word, hastily ate his breakfast.

Ellen philosophized, "When a person holds something back from a loved one, a barrier is built that gradually becomes stronger and stronger, higher and higher."

Ed laughed a quizzical laugh. Without another word, he got up from the table, grabbed his coat, and left her standing in the kitchen.

Ellen, filled with anxiety, was now becoming angry at his attitude "What is the matter with him?" she burst out as she mechanically washed the dishes and made the bed.

The idea that he had something to tell her, something which must be about his work, preyed upon her. Finally, she decided that she couldn't wait for his return at night. She must know now. After all, he had wanted to tell her something this morning.

She went quickly to the telephone, picked up the receiver, and called "J. J. Moran Company."

"Hello. May I speak to Mr. Pierce?"

"Mr. Pierce? What? He hasn't been working here for two months." "Oh. Thank you," Ellen answered dumb-founded.

For a moment, she just held the receiver, as she stared into space. Then, scarcely realizing it, she put the receiver back into its cradle.

"He hasn't been working for two whole months," she stammered. "What has he been doing? Why didn't he tell me?"

No longer was she jealous of the unknown. Now, fear and anger alternately seethed within her.

"What has happened to us?" she asked herself. "He has ruined everything. I just can't stand his mysteriousness any longer. I won't. I-I-I'll leave him." But the next minute anger subsided to let fear reign—the fear that he had gotten into trouble.

The hours crawled by. Ellen tried to read. She calmly tried to reason upon the matter. Emotions ruled. Torment ravaged her mind.

At last she heard his footsteps, his low voice, "Darling, I've something to tell you."

A pleasing smile froze on his face when his eyes met Ellen's angry ones. He slowly asked, "What is the matter?"

"You ask me what's the matter. You have the nerve to ask me when . . ."

"When what?"

"When you left your job two months ago."

No reply came. Instead, Ed opened the brief case he had always taken to work. He pulled out a book, and handed it to her.

"What's this?" she asked, perplexed.

"Oh, just something I picked up."

Throwing it aside, she retorted angrily, "That doesn't answer my question."

Ed left the room. Ellen opened the book entitled *Poems*,—author "Anonymous." She started to read it.

"An ideal life beneath us beats." She read on. Her thoughts were in that book. Ed had written the book.

"Ed," she called out, "you wrote this book. That's why you've been gazing and mumbling, and scribbling and . . . But why didn't you tell me?"

Entering the room, he explained, "I didn't tell you because I thought you'd laugh at me. I was going to tell you this morning, though, then I thought I'd wait until I got the book back from the publishers today."

"And why did you leave your job?"

"I felt I had to leave my job. So, I hired a little room and wrote about you and the things with which you nourished your mind. I had to get it all out of my system, and now I cant' stop writing. I . . ."

"But, darling, if only I had known. You've been torturing me. I thought . . ."

"I can imagine. You thought I was going mad," suggested Ed.

"Strangely enough, no. But never mind what I thought. I think now that you're wonderful, my poet." She gazed at him. "Imagination can tear one's world apart," she murmured.

UNASSAILABLE

Anita M. Donovan, '44

They said I was a prisoner of war,
They held me with the bonds by man contrived,
The prison walls were sombre, dark: I saw
Oppression walk in ever vengeful stride.
Yet, I thought of freedom far from wars:
Of truth, of love, of home, of brotherhood,
Of warming sun, of ever gleaming stars,
Of poetry, of music, of beauty-breathing flowers—
I knew that such gifts ever would be ours.

EDITORIALS

Noblesse oblige:

We Americans have an unfortunate national tendency toward complacency. Because a situation has existed for a relatively long period of time, we assume that it will endure forever. Not only are we shocked, but we feel somehow abused when it comes to an end. A hint of this trait has been seen in our own attitude during the past four years. We have accepted the advantages of our college education with comparatively little serious thought of the future. Now, the ordeal of comprehensives and the prospect of Degree Day have made us realize suddenly, with an odd mixture of joy and sadness, that our days at Emmanuel are nearly over. The joy of having attained our goal, of receiving at last our cherished degrees, is tempered by the sadness we feel at departing from our beloved Alma Mater.

In a sense, however, we are not really leaving her. Through the years, the ideals, the principles for which our college stands have grown to be an integral part of our lives. As long as we preserve these ideals in our hearts, and manifest them in our actions, we will be close to Emmanuel.

Today, more than ever before, it is vitally important that Catholic college graduates retain the principles which have been inculcated upon them by their study of philosophy and of religion. Whether we like it or not, we are looked upon by our non-Catholic associates as being quite different from the secular college graduate. Our actions, our decisions are scrutinized very carefully by those who are eager to discover flaws in our reasoning and to attribute our errors to our education.

We are thus faced with a grave responsibility. The influence which we can exercise, both directly and indirectly, is great, and the need of principles such as ours is greater. We are entering a world in which the horrors of a global war, and the moral and spiritual laxity which always accompany such a catastrophe, have added new confusion to the chaos already brought about by the atheism and the frank paganism of the last decades. Bewildered by the conflicting philosophies propounded to them on all sides, men are still unsatisfied, still seeking the truth. Among those fortunate enough to possess the Truth, the philosophy of Christ, there are many who are not capable of transmitting it to others. We who have studied the principles of our religion, and have cultivated the power of expressing our thoughts and beliefs clearly and forcefully, have a solemn obligation to make use of that power in propagating the Truth.

No matter what career we may follow, it is possible for us to become a part of the great Catholic apostolate. The Catholic wife and mother, who builds her home on the pattern of the little home at Nazareth; the Catholic teacher, who instils into the lives of her charges, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, sound principles of Christian morality; the Catholic office worker, the Catholic social worker, all find opportunities within their own sphere to spread the doctrine of Christ.

We admit that the way may sometimes be very difficult. It is always much easier to drift along with the crowd than to defend one's principles in the face of general opposition. We must pray, then, that we may have the grace and the strength to hold fast to our ideals, and to show in all our actions the true "spirit" of Emmanuel, "God with us," as we have tried to present it in these pages.

What Is Morale?

America has a new slogan. Its popularity has reached such amazing proportions that it is almost impossible to pick up a newspaper or turn on the radio without meeting it. The public is greeted on all sides by feverish and insistent cries of, "keep up the morale". There is nothing improper in this slogan. On the contrary it preaches a bit of good and practicable advice. Yet in the interpretation of the word *morale* a popular misconception has arisen.

The dictionary defines *morale* as the "condition as affected by, or dependent upon, such moral or mental factors as zeal, spirit, hope, confidence." This definition is incompatible with the average American's conception of *morale* as advertised on the radio and in the newspapers. Modern times connects *morale* with lipstick, cold cream or a new hairdo. This is not an exaggeration; it needs but a flick of the dial for corroboration. It is not uncommon to hear the smooth and silky voice of some radio announcer declaring, "Spring-time Lipstick will put a new spring into your *morale*," or, to see a full-page advertisement of Dream Face Cream, "guaranteed to improve your *morale*." Whether this is a result of the American commercial spirit, or an indication of our adherence to superficialities cannot be adequately determined. It is obvious, however, that *morale* is regarded as something to be applied at a moment's notice, and to be refreshed by a little external adjustment. Nothing could be farther from the truth. *Morale* is not acquired by the deft stroke of a lipstick or by the use of an over-night cream. It manifests itself in an internal spirit, an inner force that makes a people and a nation what they are. External circumstances may affect it to a certain degree, but a new shade of lipstick will never produce *morale* if the right attitude of mind is missing.

There is a close alignment between *morals* and *morale*. A sound and healthy *morale* is first based upon sound and healthy *moral* principles. A nation practising the moral virtues possesses the primary requisite for the "zeal, hope, spirit and confidence" that constitutes *morale*. France is a tragic example of how absence of *morale* may affect a country. She crumbled from within because her people crumbled from within. *Morale* was dead since there was nothing upon which it could thrive. False ideologies and standards replaced the moral virtues. There was no inner urge to rise and defeat the invader. A "what's-the-use" attitude pervaded the nation.

America can prevent a similar calamity and maintain a true *morale* by adherence to the difference between right and wrong throughout the progression of the war and at the peace table. Her people can strengthen it through a zeal for the big job that must be accomplished, while at the same time quite as zealously performing the little appointments of every day life. A nation attains greatness in defeat as well as in victory. Prayer, alone, can supply a people with the correct spirit of courage and resignation. A prayerful attitude will do more for *morale* than all the lipstick or cigarettes in the world. America must pray constantly for her men at war and for herself—that she might be guided in her course and directed in her destiny. Further, *morale* will be sustained by hope in a better future. Such hope is conditioned upon belief in God and immortality. Unless a nation can discern worth in its cause and a prospect of more secure days its spirit of endeavor will be woefully weak. Finally, there must be confidence in our ultimate victory and in the truth of our cause. The presence of these elements in the national mind will constitute a true *morale*, not a feeble imitation. The criterion of a people's inner fortitude and perseverance is expressed by the depth of their *morals*.

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Sic Transit:

Not so long ago, when the rain was *pit-patting* a sprightly little tune on the roof, I made a trip to the attic. I made my way gingerly through a heap of discarded boxes, pictures, and trunks. One trunk attracted me. It was a battered old Saratoga which must have gone on many and diverse trips. I lifted the lid. Inside was a disorderly mass of papers. I picked up one of them, then another, and then another. After much reading, I conjectured that its owner was a college student of the early '90's. I found some revealing and amusing poetry. Here is a sample:

ALTHEA OF TODAY

Althea bade me tie her shoe,
So sang Bob Herrick years ago.
Last night I had the thing to do,
Althea bade *me* tie her shoe.
And as I knelt—was it quite right—
She whispered, "Bob, don't tie it tight."

Another fellow came to woo
A dance from her. He got it too—
(Another before the dance was through)
Ye gods! what won't a woman do!
Althea bade *him* tie her shoe,
And soon I heard her whisper light,
"O dear, don't tie so awfully tight."

The Inamorato penned many ditties to his Althea, as per trunk evidence.
And now Althea is in her grave and oh, the difference to him!

Tonight I say good night to thee
And leave thee to thy dreamless sleep;
Thee, who shalt waken never more—
O heart weighted down with grief and woe
With memories that sad vigil keep
Be quiet, say good night to me.

O love, once more good night to thee,
Calm be thy slumber in the earth
Which years ago 'gan thee to rue
And now with longing calleth thee
Back to the place then of thy birth,
Once more O love, dear love, good night to thee.

With this poem was folded a faded camellia, a program of class day, and a yellowed dance program. With a sigh for love's frustration, I closed the lid.

* * *

This Blackout Business:

Eerily, weirdly sounds the siren. A human shriek, a dog's wail, an owl's screech . . . you have heard these signals. You will hear them again, now, a thousand times magnified, crescendoing through the air. You kneel at your open window (somehow you are prompted to kneel) and look out on the city draped in darkness. The siren has ceased. The abrupt silence seems ominous. Aloneness grips you.

* * *

The steady drone of an airplane is anticipated by the four white search-light paths which simultaneously stretch themselves across the sky. One steadily sweeping beam catches the silver speck of a test-plane and forces it to glide down the narrow shaft. In your delight at this view of a misplaced *Aurora Borealis*, you forget for a time its awful suggestion. War! Destruction! Doom!

Crisp footsteps on the walk below call your glance earthward. The solitary air-raid warden passes by. He is swallowed up by the darkness even before he reaches the lilac bush. It is queer that never before have you listened so acutely to the sound of footsteps. You never tried to link them with thought as you are doing now. By the time you have co-related the even, unhurried gait of the warden with his serious consideration of his duty you no longer hear the steps. Quiet! A quiet that is tangible, almost enfolding, has once more settled over all. "Far away" and "near" are one!

* * *

Across a now indeterminable expanse of lawn the house next door stands huge and unfamiliar. The old apple tree, nearby, is caught in the spell—like a tree of never-never-land. You recall vividly the blue, and green, and gold of day. You wonder why it is that you never before noticed that it is because the birds do not sing that night is so quiet. Colorlessness and soundlessness bring back this line from a childhood rhyme—"And nothing answered anything!"

* * *

Again you look up to the heavens. Searchlights and plane have long since gone. The peace of night is unbroken. Look up again. See the stars! Through the blackness they seem to bend nearer a plangent world. One of them seems even to be caught in a mesh of apple boughs.

You ponder, then, the question if the darkness that now spreads itself over humanity will bring Heaven and God nearer to mankind? Will the Blackout that is this war give man a better appreciation of the Light that came to enlighten all men? Will it give him a warmer appreciation and a kinder attitude towards his neighbor, East, West, North, and South? Will it bring him to his knees and turn his gaze to the Keeper of the Stars?

* * *

A Song for Our Times:

Sing a song of hope, dear
A heart o'erfilled with trust,
For the Everlasting Arms
Will save, if fear we must.
Look aloft, above, aright
Our Father's with His own
While we are marching towards Victory.

We join our hands with those across the sea,
We league in prayer, that pledge of Victory,
While we raise our banner high no battle front is lost,
Our Flag waves calm, majestic, beneath His holy Cross!

CURRENT BOOKS

These Two Hands. By E. J. Edwards, S.V.D. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1942. 203 pages.

These Two Hands is a most stirring dedication to the gentle healing hands of Christ, to the hands of every true priest. It is a human story full of the frail ties of the flesh, where strength and fearlessness can grow and wax strong only in the grace of Christ.

Father Templeton is a young and eager missionary whose talents and ambitions tend toward a quiet scholarly life of teaching. He is content, until fear and repulsion of a lowly leper bind his heart with iron bands, causing him to neglect his priestly duty. His punishment is the temporary banishment to a small mission on Mindanao. A seeming outcast, the young priest here attempts to overcome rising difficulties among the Santa Cruz natives. Father Buff Connors aids him. The wise Lacay Luis and the simple direct Manolo help him on his way. Yet the battle is essentially his own. It is only after many long months of intellectual starvation, exhausting internal struggles, and bitter external disappointments that Christ speaks to his servant, "My grace is sufficient for thee".

Most appropriately the book is divided into four main parts, the *Prologue*, *Futility*, *Faith*, and *Fulfillment*. The first section shows us the very human character of Father Templeton. Father Edward's skill in character delineation and in human psychology is shown in his wide range of experience and his expert execution in this field. *Futility* reveals the purpose of the author. He shatters the very prevalent illusion that the missionary is all hero, not a man with common mental and physical fears. Father Templeton was a man whose fears and tribulations rise up as of one accord to strangle him—and then comes *Faith*. Clothed in this armor he goes forth to do battle and comes to the glorious *Fulfillment*. Strange that such fulfillment should come in service to a leper, the very thing that once had plunged him into the pit of fear.

The story is vital, moving, and active. The outer and inner struggles are closely and dramatically intertwined. The different moods of the sea

and coral hunting described in beautiful lyrical passages are rich in color and detail. The customs and manners of the natives are recounted accurately yet with a delightful personal touch. There is love and pathos and beauty in this story of the missionary Father Templeton and his mastery of self for Christ.

Mary Pekarski, '44

The Judgment of the Nations. By Christopher Dawson. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1942. 222 pages.

Christopher Dawson, in this out-of-the-depths survey of modern culture shows what has brought about the present conflict and what should be done if the much-discussed new world order is to bring peace. The judgment passed upon the nations is obvious enough, but the justice of it is obvious to Mr. Dawson, who with profound insight brings to our attention the causes of the disintegration of western civilization. The chief causes are due to religious differences among Christians, to secularism, and a loss of spiritual values. He indicts Christians because they have allowed civilization to become secularized.

The book falls into two sections. The first deals with the causes of European chaos. They are the spread of disunifying Calvinism and Lutheranism; the progress of science and lack of progress in politics and social tradition; the failure of liberalism in Europe; the failure of a League of Nations to restore order from the disorder of secularized culture. Discussing the present war, he emphasizes the fact that we have passed beyond economic or national issues that are so frequently the object of argument into an age characterized by lust for power among the leaders of a mechanized society. The objective now of the Allies is to check the power of the greatest military machine in the world before it dominates the whole of Europe and America.

The second part deals with the Restoration of Order based upon Christian principles of charity and justice. The truth of that which we can neither see nor touch has been neglected and ignored in the philosophies of the past hundred years—out of which has come our present chaos—and it is to these truths Dawson would open our eyes. We must build on the foundations of human nature and national tradition that still remain. He believes there must be a synthesis of our culture. Science must

not be used for the exploitation of evil. The freedom of Christians must not be based on economic materialism and individual selfishness. Mr. Dawson lays the responsibility for the program he outlines upon that small "nucleus of believers who are the bearers of the seed of unity"; who are guided by the Holy Ghost, and the sword of the Spirit.

Mary Farrell, '44

The Sea-Gull Cry. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred Knopf, 1942. 214 pages.

You may be (and justly so) slightly bogged down and depressed as a result of the latest influx of war novels. It takes a strong, unimpressible mind to survive the flood of diaries and novels, playing up the sensational and lurid side of warfare, which is currently inundating the shuddering reading public. *The Sea-Gull Cry* is a gentle anodyne for today's tense literature, although it admittedly draws the substance of its plot from the war.

A war theme drawn delicately may seem paradoxical. If you are familiar with the characteristic Nathan style, however, you will realize how this can be possible and understand the apparent ambiguity. The book is treated with a refined and discriminating simplicity; the plot is an evanescent little thing which relies on character rather than situation.

The story, briefly, concerns two refugees, a young girl and her small brother, who are living in a barge on Cape Cod—a temporary measure because they have no money for a proper home. To Mr. Smith, the college professor whose sail boat is wrecked on their beach, they are a source of continual bewilderment. His character, drawn with an unmistakable, faint depreciation because of his escapist attitude, offers an interesting contrast to theirs. Louisa and her brother Jeri who have experienced the tremendous horror of the war personally face life with an indifference which borders on the fatalistic. Mr. Smith has not felt the impact of the war so realistically as they, yet he has a fear and dread of it which puzzles and worries him. Mr. Nathan presents his thesis that the people of today should not shrink from the realities in which the world is involved, but face them with calm and faith. Do not begin to think that the story is a preachy thing, though. It is presented with a minimum of moralizing; you will scarcely be aware of it.

The style is, as I have said, typical. Happily for readers who are irritated by incomprehensible fantasy, this has none of the nebulous, enigmatic symbolism of *Portrait of Jennie* or even of *The Enchanted Village*. It is merely an unaffected story adorned with the poetic quality of Mr. Nathan's style. The descriptions of Cape Cod are charming. They will strike a responsive chord in any New Englander's soul. Mr. Nathan shows a fine sense of the beautiful and a gift for portraying it sensitively.

Books with more power and with a more vital sense of the dramatic have been written before and are being produced right now. It is refreshing, though, to experience the cooling charm of a novel like this now and then. Everyone can stand an occasional respite from reality without too closely imitating Mr. Nathan's escapist.

Marie A. Thomas, '44

The Emancipation of a Freethinker. By Herbert Ellsworth Cory. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1942. 304 pages.

In his book *The Emancipation of a Freethinker*, Mr. Cory outlines the periods of his awakening from ignorance and doubt. He traces the pattern of his days at Brown, his Alma Mater, with English as his field; at Harvard, where he received his doctorate; at the University of California, as a member of the teaching staff; finally at Johns Hopkins where for four years he followed post doctorate courses in the physical sciences. Throughout these varied ways, Mr. Cory was slowly moving toward Catholicism.

Contact with the writings of St. Augustine was of particular advantage to him. His estimation of this is seen in his citations at the beginning of each chapter. He received enlightenment from such English poets as Dryden and Spenser. The latter he believes brought him closer to the Church, "particularly through the loftier and broader phases of his too often local, ephemeral, and intolerant moralizing." The latter portion of the book deals with his appreciation of Thomistic philosophy, his analysis of the problem of evil, and finally his expression of love for St Paul, his inspiration.

Mr. Cory was not emotionally but intellectually led to the Church. His keen scientific insight into the significance of philosophies enabled him to distinguish chaff from grain. He followed the good and found God.

Mr. Cory addresses his reader as a possible companion sharing a cup of tea. Expressions of his findings intermingle with the review of his life. By examples and quotations from a wide background of knowledge he clarifies his statements.

Though his style is pleasant, the interruption of biography by philosophical or historical analysis weakens the general continuity of the book. But this defect is paltry beside the valuable and interesting content of each chapter. The sections join together and form Mr. Cory's pathway to Rome.

Louise Mercier, '44

The Lieutenant's Lady. By Bess Streeter Aldrich. New York: D. Appleton Century Company, 1942. 275 pages.

Unlike the current trend of the novel, which is, for the most part, concerned with the present-day conditions in Europe and elsewhere, this book goes back to the America of seventy-five years ago. Then, while the East had completely forgotten the existence, even, of the Indians, the Mid-West still fought what seemed a never-ending battle with marauding, resentful, savage bands. Lieutenant Stafford was sent to the West to help put down the Indian insurrections. He carried with him the memory of a girl whom he had left in Nebraska. She had promised to come to marry him in the spring. A girl did come in the spring, but was not the one he had expected. Linnie Colsworth came as the bearer of a message from her cousin, Cynthia. Cynthia was not coming up the river, for she was already married.

The story continues with the necessary marriage which followed between Linnie Colsworth and Lieutenant Stafford, necessary to silence all gossip. It was a marriage not built on love, for Lieutenant Stafford still carried in his heart the memory of Cynthia. It was built on sacrifice, and we find, as the book draws to a close, that out of this, love was born.

The characters in this book are very well drawn. Bess Streeter Aldrich has contrasted her characters. Linne Colsworth is outstanding for her loyalty and deep sympathy. These are the traits in her which cause her to go to Lieutenant Stafford. She is trying to make up to him for the frivolity and selfishness of Cynthia. Lieutenant Stafford stands in contrast to George Hemming, who is a perfect match for Cynthia's frivolity. On the other hand, Lieutenant Stafford is of a serious nature, imbued with high principles and noble ideals. He is not, however, so serious that he cannot indulge in a twist of humor now and then.

For those who like to revel in an occasional few hours of interesting reading, this book should prove satisfactory. It will bring them out of the present and into the past when, in the West, the Indians were the chief enemy.

Caroline Desaulniers, '43

A French Soldier Speaks. By Jacques. Translated by Helen Waddell. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1942. 138 pages.

In fairness to the public, this title should read, *A Free French Soldier Speaks*. This slight volume was written immediately following Vichy's acceptance of an armistice with Germany. Jacques attempts to search his own soul and that of his country in order to explain the downfall of France.

He lays the cause upon the demagoguery which had arisen in the government to replace democracy. Too many opposing groups flourished. Individual interest ousted national patriotism. Leaders sacrificed their principles for gain. Acting on the foreign policy that followed the first World War, Frenchmen zealous to be pacifists and good Europeans neglected their loyalty to France. The all-out attack on religion was their most traitorous act.

But France will rise again. The essential France with its instinctive passion for beauty can never be conquered. Moreover, Hitler's desire for uniformity in Europe will never be realized, nor will the logical French mind ever accept the philosophy of Nazism.

Jacques does not hesitate to brand Laval a traitor. He treats Petain rather "as a man who has lived too long" and who, although he may have had the best interests of France at heart, had neither the strength nor the clear understanding to withstand the conqueror.

The avowed purpose of the book was to present a psychological explanation of France's downfall, but the result seems to have arisen from the heart rather than from the mind, from the emotions rather than from the intellect. The issues are clouded.

The book is of little value as a political document yet it contains passages of exquisite beauty. The force of the style is aptly held in the translation. This book gives a long glimpse into a gallant soul that supremely desires his country's honor to flourish victoriously and gloriously.

Lillian Morris, '43

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CRITICISM AT THE BAR

Marie A. Thomas

THERE is a present tendency to compare contemporary writers with those of the past. Perhaps it is merely a passing fad, dreamed up by literary critics during a slack season. At any rate, when it is carried to extremes it is just a little ridiculous. Because Maxwell Anderson is considered an excellent playwright and because he writes more often than not in blank verse, is no reason to compare him even remotely with Shakespeare. On analogies as tenuous as this are written long, enthusiastic essays glowing with the pride of original discovery.

One of the most interesting parallels I have heard mentioned recently is that between Geoffrey Chaucer, whose art lives still with all its original sparkle and dash undimmed by the passage of centuries, and Sinclair Lewis who has been offered the Pulitzer Prize, who has accepted the Nobel Prize, and who is considered one of our outstanding authors. These two men have been called similar in their work because they are supposed to have portrayed the average people of their day, a cross-section of life as they saw it.

When Chaucer wrote, it was with a twinkle in his eye and with a tolerant eyebrow cocked at the human foibles of the world around him. Consciously or not, he characterized the men and women of his time with such subtle skill that he gave a three-dimensional portrait of the passing parade. Where Chaucer pictured many different types of people in various social standings, Lewis has confined himself to the American business man (if we except *Arrowsmith* and *Elmer Gantry*) and pounces on the average middle class person as

the victim of his satire and the butt of his mockery. Whether or not this is because Mr. Lewis feels that all of America betrays the same reactions and emotions is not certain; the fact remains that his field is limited. Chaucer's is almost uncircumscribed.

Chaucer and humor are synonymous. He was the whimsical observer of life, not from the sidelines but in the midst of things. His writings show him in part the hail-fellow-well-met type, a first-class humanitarian. Lewis's forte, on the other hand, is harsh satire. He dissociates himself from the company he portrays. Carl Van Doren says that he "sits in the seats of the scornful." From this aloof, elevated position, he looks down on the characters in his novels with a contempt which he does not bother to disguise or temper. Chaucer would have laughed tolerantly if he had met the Pardoner face to face, and prodded him for another story; Lewis would have no intercourse with Babbitt. Lewis, to go further, would have felt only contempt for the "good wyf" of Bath if he could have had the good fortune to meet her. In our times, this feeling would not be inspired so much by the fact that

"Housbandes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve"

(each no doubt decently dead before his successor had stepped into his place) but because she wanted so much always to be first with her offerings at the church. Those who unbidden elbow their way forward are the ones who feel most the sharpness of Lewis's pen.

In the roistering days of Edward III and John of Gaunt there were just as many scoundrels as there are today, human nature being what it is. Reading of them inspires in us a certain anger and a positive desire for reform, not a snobbish contempt and a Lord, I-give-Thee-thanks attitude. As for

the sense of futility that men like Babbitt rouse—is it a result of the conditions of our times or of the fact that they were portrayed by a man who was less of a humanitarian and more of a perfectionist; who used the extreme case to drive home his point more clearly? The comradely style which softens all that Chaucer writes; the wit that spices, and the artistic technique which effects the polished finish—these all create an aura of charm about the hearty characters of the Middle Ages. Conversely, the palpable aloofness which sets Lewis apart from his characters makes them not the less real but much more the less likable.

What strikes me as the greatest difference between the two authors is that in reading Chaucer's descriptions of people, there is no feeling of a superior "How glad I am that I did not live then," as compared to the emotion of "How glad I am that I do not live there," which foreigners must have when they read about American small town life as portrayed in *Main Street*; or about questionable business dealings as presented in *Babbitt*; or even of jealousy and meanness in the medical profession as it is set forth in *Arrowsmith*. In the case of *Dodsworth* perhaps these same people have met the prototypes of the characters in the novel as they trekked their expensive and expansive ways through Europe.

Sinclair Lewis is always belittling. The fact that he deprecates rather than commends is what makes him hard to take. Naturally, man likes to be admired and flattered; he will listen for a time to one who makes an effort to improve him, but when the effort becomes too harsh and too prolonged he grows weary in spirit. Chaucer, unlike Lewis, can find at least one unobjectionable quality in his reprehensible protagonists; the Pardoner, to state an example, has a sense of humor. If we can laugh at him it is impossible completely to despise him.

I do not intend to belittle on my own part Mr. Lewis's style or literary brilliance. He has no doubt consciously gone to extreme examples to make his satire more effective. He has accomplished his character studies with a deftness that makes his people seem startlingly probable and real. Babbitt preaching about the wonders of the "great city of Zenith" has very probably an actual counterpart somewhere in the country, one who goes on his unethical way without being able to see the baseness of his motives. However, it would be alarming to think that he is a type of the average man of our day. On the other hand, the Clerk of Oxenford, the Persoun, and the Plowman, to isolate a few of Chaucer's characters, are capable of being taken as examples of many of their kind in the Middle Ages.

There is no need of disproving the likeness between the two writers on the basis of literary style. Even as careless an observer as the one who predicated the analogy between them can see the wide divergence between them here. Chaucer is the poet above all. His interest in nature, in mystery, in the strange, shows the Romantic influence. Lewis is realistic according to the standards of modern writing. His sardonic style does not allow for rhapsodic flights of fancy. His main purpose is to outline a character and to hold him up for ridicule.

The manner in which Sinclair Lewis and Chaucer have portrayed, for example, the clergy proves a most interesting study. In *Elmer Gantry* the attack that Lewis makes on the religious class differs widely from Chaucer's presentation of the Monk, the Frere, and the Persoun. There is no humor in Lewis's work; it is direct satire, stark in its hardness, cold, and objective. The Frere, though, what a jolly sort he was!

"And certainly he hadde a mery note;
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote."

There is no excusing his wantonness, nor the worldly attitude of the Monk whose main passion in life was to hunt and to eat. Nevertheless, Chaucer's whimsical treatment of them loses not a bit in the effectiveness of his satire, and gains worlds in its entertainment.

Chaucer shows in the Persoun of the toun that not every member of the clergy is profligate and hypocritical as Mr. Lewis seems to believe. This gentle portrayal is one of the most endearing characterizations in the whole group of Canterbury travellers.

“ . . . Christes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parissheis devoutly wolde he teche.”

He kept the interests of his parishioners at heart, and labored unceasingly, Chaucer tells us, helping and instructing them. The presentation of *Elmer Gantry* can not stand up beside that of the three medieval clergymen.

Wherein, then, is the likeness between these two writers? In style, in treatment, in the personal attitude toward their writings, both are as unlike as the Anglo-Saxon language of *Beowulf* and the latest style of slang bubbling its way from Harlem. It is not a question at the moment of which is better than the other, but of degree of similarity. I fail to find any. Both are typical examples of the spirits of their times; Chaucer of the mellow tolerance and cultured living of the Middle Ages, and Lewis of the cynical realism of the Twentieth Century. As the two ages are at wide variance, so must be the men who live in them. There can be no other logical conclusion to the question. In passing, it is a trifle sad to reflect that in later ages if Sinclair Lewis's works possess the art and distinction to live that long, people will consider us a most uncultured, self-satisfied nation. It would be a little unreasonable to blame Mr. Lewis on that point, however. The Babbitts, and Dodsworths, and Ganttrys of our time have to answer that score.

REJOICE CHRISTIAN POETS

(Whom the devil greatly hates)

Mary Farrell, '44

Oh, it's you whom he hates, for you sing
Of each wave skipping in from the laboring sea,
Of the dawn, of the lawn-like veiled mist drifting back
Through the stippled red leaves of an autumn tree.

Like the whispering sigh of the wind
Unseen, though it moves in the pines rhythmic grace,
Like the clear, spilling tones of a soaring lark,
Sounds your call through the silence of space.

What cares he for a will that's a slave
To its flesh, gnawed through to the core of despair?
Or for haughty fool with his cold eyes shut
Striding blindly right into the snare?

But you, poets, you who dare to laugh, to see
Hope born in the eyes of a jubilant Child—
You soar (while he grovels) you reach to her star-encrowned
Height—Madonna whose heel crushed his guile.

ADVICE DELUXE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Barbara Gilbert, '44

CHARACTERS

MR. COLLINGE, a radio producer.

AL FISHER, script writers' agent.

MISS DOROTHY BLAKE, script writer.

MISS YOUNG, secretary to Mr. Collinge.

SCENE: *The office of Mr. Collinge. There are two doors, one upper right and the other upper left. A window with a Venetian blind is center. To the left of it is a large desk, a swivel chair, and a waste basket. On the desk are a telephone, and many sheets of paper. On either side of the desk is a brown leather armchair. By the left wall is a brown leather sofa. Near the door upper right is a hat rack; hanging on it are a gray overcoat and a blue felt hat.*

The time is eleven o'clock of a November morning. At curtain-rise Mr. Collinge is seated at his desk, glancing over a manuscript. Miss Young enters.

MISS YOUNG: Mr. Fisher is here.

MR. COLLINGE: (*putting down the manuscript*) Send him in.

(*Miss Young goes out. Al Fisher enters.*)

MR. COLLINGE: Hello, Al.

AL FISHER: Hi.

MR. COLLINGE: Where's Dorothy?

AL FISHER: She'll be along. She's having her hair done.

(*There is a short pause during which Mr. Collinge sits back in his chair and watches Al.*)

AL: You, ah, you read it?

MR. COLLINGE: I did. (*With a grim expression he picks up the manuscript sheets at which he had been glancing.*)

AL: You couldn't use it, could you?

MR. COLLINGE: (*dropping manuscript*) Use it? That trash? Why, the kids in P. S. 49 could do better than that, and they wouldn't cost in a year what I pay her in a week. That's the way it goes. She plugged on those soap operas and never gave me a punk show, but the minute she hits big time, she goes arty on me. That's what ruins them all.

AL: That's what I tried to tell her. I says, "Dorothy, that stuff won't sell. People don't want to hear about problems. Everybody's got problems, and it don't help none to know that somebody else has problems too." I says—

MR. COLLINGE: And you rate ten per cent. No wonder you didn't get anywhere with her. You took the wrong approach. You missed the whole point. (*He gets up and walks around the room.*) People don't mind listening to troubles, but the troubles have got to be interesting or else if they're like their own problems, the guy in the story has got to have a cute way of getting out of them. Like for instance, everybody needs money all the time. All right. There's nothing romantic in that, but Cary Grant needs money—a couple of grand, that's all. Does he go to a finance company? He does not. He joins a war relief club and persuades Park Avenue to use his gambling outfit to raise the dough, then he plans to cop the dough and beat it. O.K. That's exciting. That's romance. The ordinary guy would try to borrow and probably not get it. That's real, that's not romantic, and that's not good radio.

AL: That's what I tried to tell her.

MR. COLLINGE: You didn't try to tell her nothing. You bring her down so that I can do the fast talking. Did you even read the play?

AL: Yeah, I read it.

MR. COLLINGE: That part where—

(Miss Young enters.)

MISS YOUNG: Miss Blake is outside.

MR. COLLINGE: Send her in.

(Miss Young goes out. Miss Blake enters.)

DOROTHY BLAKE: Good-morning, boys. Sorry I'm late.

AL: Hi.

MR. COLLINGE: That's O.K. Glad to see you. Sit down.

(Al is standing by the window. Dorothy sits in the chair to left of the desk.)

MR. COLLINGE: Well, Dorothy, I read your play.

DOROTHY: Did you like it?

MR. COLLINGE: You're out of your groove, Dorothy. That social service stuff's not your type.

(Dorothy is annoyed.)

DOROTHY: I knew you'd say that. Even while I was writing it, I knew you'd say "Not your type." I'm not the Old Ranger. I don't have to stick to one style all my life. Why, if I go on just writing the cozy family stuff, "The Donovans in their comfortable brown house in Oakdale," people will think I'm another Ma Perkins.

MR. COLLINGE: People aren't interested in the writer behind the program. You might be Mr. Churchill for all they'd care. They think plays come out of a machine.

DOROTHY: All right, so I'm nobody. What's wrong with the play?

MR. COLLINGE: *(Short laugh.)* Where shall I begin?

DOROTHY: At the beginning.

MR. COLLINGE: As I understand it, the plot is this. The lead Corinna, where did you get that name?

DOROTHY: From a poem.

MR. COLLINGE: *(He accompanies the story with exagger-*

ated gestures and facial expression.) Corinna works in the five and ten and her boyfriend is the floorwalker. So far, so good. Her home life is sad—a drunken father, an idiot brother and Gracie, a shop-lifting sister. (*Al shows interest in the story; Mr. Collinge notices it.*) The action starts when Gracie visits the five and ten and promotes the merchandise. Corinna is canned. The boyfriend walks her home, gets a load of Pa and leaves Corinna flat. She starts to feel sorry for herself, but then the idiot boy runs away.

DOROTHY: And his lips they did burr and burr.

MR. COLLINGE: What did you say?

DOROTHY: Nothing.

MR. COLLINGE: She manages to get him back but meanwhile the father dies and Gracie is in jail. Corinna tries to keep the brother but he is put in an institution and—

(*Expectant pause.*)

AL: And then what happens?

MR. COLLINGE: I knew you didn't read it. Then Corinna is left to start life anew.

AL: I got to have my milk shake. (*He goes out.*)

(*Mr. Collinge sits down.*)

DOROTHY: It's not meant to be funny, you know.

MR. COLLINGE: You don't think that's funny?

DOROTHY: Of course not. I wrote a tragedy. A—(*groping for the right word*) a social drama.

MR. COLLINGE: But people don't want to hear any social drama. They want to be entertained.

DOROTHY: But we've got to make them hear. Radio is the greatest means of spreading truth, and it's our duty to use it to make people alive to the social problems of the day.

MR. COLLINGE: Everybody has problems. When they tune in the radio, they don't want to hear how unhappy they are.

DOROTHY: That's just the point. They've got to be made to listen. They want to ignore the problem of the lower classes.

MR. COLLINGE: And how about the lower classes? Do they want to ignore themselves?

DOROTHY: Yes, they do. They're afraid they might have to start a little reform work, if they looked their squalor right in the eye.

MR. COLLINGE: Do you think that a man can ignore social problems when they're his own? Do you think he can turn on the radio and forget his troubles when its ten below zero and there's no heat in the house and his wife is sick and his children haven't enough to eat? Do you think any normal man can do that, even in the "lower classes"?

DOROTHY: A writer isn't concerned with individual cases like that.

MR. COLLINGE: What about Corinna?

DOROTHY: That's different. She is the symbol of a class, the downtrodden masses of this country. She never had a chance, her family and environment drag her down. She is an indictment on those who prevent her from getting an education and a good job.

MR. COLLINGE: Who prevented her from getting an education and a good job?

DOROTHY: Why, all the smug ones who don't take any interest in social reform. That's who.

(Pause.)

MR. COLLINGE: Answer me truthfully. Did you enjoy writing this thing?

DOROTHY: (*She hesitates.*) Well, at first I did, at the very first.

MR. COLLINGE: The Donovan family wasn't hard to write like that, was it?

DOROTHY: Oh, that just rolled along.

MR. COLLINGE: Can't you see that you're not meant to write like that? Your type is the family serial, no adventure, no sophistication, no social problems.

DOROTHY: But can't you see that it's my duty to write social drama? I feel an urge to do it. To dig out the entrenched evil in the lower classes.

MR. COLLINGE: And just what do you know about the entrenched evil in the lower classes? What do you know about the lower classes? Your idea of the lower classes is a man sitting in his shirt sleeves at the dinner table, shoveling in cabbage with a knife. Or a woman who takes in washing. Or a waitress in a lunchroom. You don't know what they're like. But maybe you've said "Good-morning" to the plumber. You don't know from nothing. You went to private school and then to college and then you dropped into a cushioned cubbyhole in here and that's you up to date. You haven't lived. How do you think I came by a private office with mahogany panels and a private secretary? I didn't fall into it, you know. In grammar school I got whacked every day because I couldn't stay awake in class. The teacher didn't know I had a paper route every morning and night. And in High School I had a milk route too. I've had more jobs than I have wrinkles. (*He pauses to gaze at her.*) Were you ever so broke you couldn't afford a shoestring and so you lost a good job, twenty bucks a week, because your shoe kept falling off? (*He looks out of the window.*) I had a girl once too. (*Pause.*) She went the way of the floorwalker. (*He turns to pace the room.*) I tell you, Dorothy, you don't know the first thing about the other half. You want to lift them up.

The only lifting they want is up to their forty-four cents' seat in the balcony for Abbott and Costello. They don't want you snooping in their affairs. If the Bronxers have a crime wave, they don't want you messing around; and if the Harlem kids get too fresh, the parents don't want a college girl telling them what to do, and they don't want your pity either. Let Steinbeck take care of the paupers. You stick to "that cozy family across the way."

DOROTHY: I guess you're right. (*Embarrassed, she looks up at Mr. Collinge.*) You must think I'm an awful fool.

MR. COLLINGE: Not as big as the Milk-Shake man.

(*Dorothy rises, goes to the desk, picks up the manuscript and with a smile at Mr. Collinge, she tears it in halves and drops it in the waste basket. She returns to her chair, picks up her handbag and turns to Mr. Collinge.*)

DOROTHY: I'll have something better for you by tomorrow. (*She hesitates.*) You're the finest self-made man I ever met. (*She goes out quickly. He stands still for a few seconds then sits down at his desk. He leans back, exhausted. Al comes in.*)

AL: Well, you must have fixed everything up. I met Dorothy and she looked as though the Campfire Girls had just had a reunion.

MR. COLLINGE: I almost forgot. (*He sits up quickly; consulting a card, he dials a number on the phone. Al is amazed at his sudden activity and lingers near the door.*) Hello, Travers? . . . This is Eddie Collinge. . . . Fine, thanks. How are you? . . . That's good. Look, I can't make it for dinner on Friday. Business, you know. . . . No, it certainly doesn't seem that long. I haven't seen the dear old school since, let's see, the Yale game of '29. And now it's our twenty-fifth out.

QUICK CURTAIN

AUTUMN IDYLL

Marion C. Drew, '44

Gypsy leaves gay dance and whirl
To tambourines of rustling trees;
O'er the meadows they romp and twirl
In sportive tag with autumn breeze.
Nature's children free from care,
Beauty, beauty, everywhere!

Come vagabonds, so brightly dressed
In costumes gold and garnet gay,
Your caravan of wind points west,
Mount up and speed you on your way;
Slow Winter's creeping o'er the land.
Farewell, happy gypsy band!

MISTAKEN ODDS

Marion Riley, '44

THE room was grey from cigarette smoke. Nervously pacing the carpet was a short, thin man. Another, his feet resting on the desk, was leaning back in a swivel chair, blowing smoke rings. Toni, the short man, speaks.

"We've got to do something about the odds on the game tomorrow. Three to one in favor of Rockland University! And they are still mounting higher."

"Take it easy, Toni," said Joe, watching a large ring float towards the ceiling. "You'll think of something. You always do."

"Rockland wouldn't have a chance against Birmingham State if it wasn't for the fullback, Brick Connolly."

Suddenly, Toni halted in his tracks. Snapping his fingers, he swung around to face Joe.

"I've got it," he shouted. "Grab your hat and come on."

Toni was out the door, and half way down the stairs, before Joe got his feet onto the floor and followed.

Outside the building, they hailed a passing taxi in order to avoid the six o'clock subway rush.

"Harris Avenue and Prince Street, and step on it," directed Toni, as both clambered in. As the driver slowly manoeuvred his way through the heavy traffic, the two men settled back for further discussion.

"Now, what's this colossal idea of yours?" asked Joe.

"It's just this. Without Connolly, Rockland wouldn't have a chance to win the football game tomorrow. Like I said

before. Now, as far as we go, Rockland just can't win. So, what shall we do? Just see that Connolly don't play."

"You don't mean . . ." suggested Joe.

"Of course not," interrupted Tom, "all we have to do is just see that he ain't able to play with the team tomorrow. That's just where my plan comes in. Now listen. The Rockland team will be having dinner tonight at that little hotel on the corner of Prince Street and Harris Avenue where they are staying. The new headwaiter there is 'Art', an old friend of mine. All we have to do is get him to play up with my scheme. Then Birmingham State will be victors. All our troubles will be over."

You hope, thought Joe. Aloud, he said:

"But how do you know this headwaiter will cooperate?"

"Oh, he will, with a little persuasion," Toni assured him, patting fondly his billfold.

The taxi drew up to the curve. The two men got out. Toni handed the driver a bill and told him to keep the change.

"Wait here while I get some tablets at the drug store," said Toni, pointing to a building a few doors down the street.

Joe waited. Too bad, he thought, some poor kid was going to be pretty disappointed tomorrow. Probably he had set his heart on winning this game for his college. Oh, well, life has its ups and downs. For Joe, himself, it had been mostly downs, ever since he had been expelled from college in his Freshman year. He might have made the football team, himself. Yet . . .

The appearance of Toni interrupted his thought.

"I had a bit of trouble getting these things," said Toni breathlessly, "but so far so good." The men went through the revolving door of the small hotel. They stopped at the entrance of the dining room. "Art," the headwaiter ap-

proached them with his professional smile. Then, as he recognized one of them, he said,

"Hello, Toni. It's pretty crowded tonight, but I'll see what I can do."

Toni glanced hurriedly around.

"We're in a hurry," he said. "How about that table over there in the corner?"

"We—ll," "Art" hesitated. "It is reserved, but I guess you would be finished by the time the party arrives."

He led the men to the table. Then, as he started to turn away, Toni caught hold of his arm.

"Wait a minute," said Toni. "Pretend you are taking an order. I want to tell you something."

"Art" took out a pencil and held open the menu booklet as if he were explaining something.

"You know Brick Connolly?" questioned Toni.

"Of course," replied "Art." "He's right over there," motioning with his head. "Star of the Rockland University team."

"Well, we want to fix it up so that he won't be in the game tomorrow."

"So-o-o," ventured "Art".

"Sure. It's worth twenty-five dollars to you if you will put these two pills into one of his glasses of milk, or whatever he's drinking."

"Make it thirty-five, and it's a deal," replied "Art".

"All right. We haven't time to waste arguing because he's almost finished. Here's fifteen dollars, and you can have the rest when the job is done." Toni slipped the bills into the headwaiter's pocket. "Now bring us some steaks, and hurry. Joe, for Pete's sake, stop staring at that table of football

players," he cautioned, turning to his companion. But the good-natured Joe was staring into space.

The following noon, the two gamblers met in their office. Bets on the Rockland team had been pouring in all morning. If anything went wrong and Rockland did win, they were sunk. One o'clock, the hour for the kickoff, slowly approached. Toni was restless; he consumed many cigarettes. Joe had relaxed into his usual position of ease.

"Turn on the radio and let's listen to the good news," he said to Toni.

Toni turned the knob of the small table radio, and nervously switched the dial to WORL. He then walked to the window. He listened, watching with unseeing eyes the traffic of the Fall afternoon.

"Hello, sports fans. This is Ted Husing bringing you a play by play description of the game being played at Raleigh Park, between Rockland University and Birmingham State. The stands are packed this afternoon with a record-breaking crowd, and . . . wait . . . it's Rockland's ball for the kickoff, and it's complete—a beautiful fly taken on Birmingham's twenty yard line by No. 14. He's downed on the forty-five yard line by Rockland. The teams are lining up, and it's an end run . . . "

Toni flicked the knob irritably.

"Why must we thus torture ourselves when we already know the outcome?"

Toni walked to the door. Without turning, he called back over his shoulder:

"I'm going out. See you later."

Joe got up. He walked over to the radio. He was just in time to hear the announcer say:

"Look at that boy run! Twenty . . . fifteen . . . ten . . .

five, and—he's over and it's a touchdown for Rockland. What a play, ladies and gentlemen, an intercepted pass and an eighty-five yard run by Brick Connolly, the star fullback of Rockland University . . . ”

Joe breathed a sigh of satisfaction. He smiled to himself. What did it matter that it had cost him fifty dollars to cancel the agreement with “Art”? What if his partnership with Toni would be dissolved when that gambler found it out. Joe metaphorically patted himself on the back. He couldn't let a fellow-football-player down, could he?

COURAGE

Mary Pekarski, '44

None saw the fear within his heart
Nor his troubled eyes turned towards the sky;
None heard his long and labored sigh—
He firm resolves to do his part.
Then poised, like Daedalus of old
With gleaming wings, lifts bird of prey.
What unknown way do you now hold
For valiant, sun-aspiring youth?
Sheer victory, or sudden death
That stills the anxious, serving breath?

WHAT PRICE PATRIOTISM

Mary J. O'Keefe, '45

IF GEORGE CHEEVER's bank account were not swelling largely because of the war, he might have been tempted to complain of its inconveniences. This dimout, for instance: there he was, on a murky night, way out near the bridge over the east end river, and the only light near him was a weak globe halfway across the bridge. George was out of matches, and was anxious to know the time. He would have to wait until he reached the bridge to look at his watch.

An unpleasant smile cracked Cheever's thin lips. Ironical, he was thinking, that he, who carried a package containing enough A, B, and C coupons for gas to take a dozen bombers across the Atlantic, had to walk three miles to deliver the pirated goods.

On the whole, though, George was forced to admit, he had not fared badly since Pearl Harbor. Never a brainy man, he had found friends who knew how to make war profitable. Now he could afford black market tenderloins, and brand new tires; and the Cheever household knew no scarcity of rationed commodities, regardless of point values.

Well, he deserved such privileges, George smugly assured himself. According to his calculations, he was just about as patriotic as anyone. His kind, he felt with glowing satisfaction, was a great boon to the war effort. He had donated seven weeks of his noble life, with scarcely any absences, to production in a local defense plant: from his point of view an adequate contribution. But George Cheever was not a man of half measures. In addition to this heroic achievement,

George had gone so far as to purchase a twenty-five dollar war bond, which was willingly shown to anyone who cared to appreciate this glowing testament of his overwhelming patriotism.

He was very prosperous now, Cheever magnanimously conceded. But does not everyone prosper in wartime? Perhaps the "racket" was not strictly legal; but a great patriot like George Cheever could easily be pardoned for such a minor violation of the law.

George was directly under the globe now. His small eyes squinted to read the watch in the light of the faint beam. 9:25. Twenty minutes to wait. One of the gang was to pick him up with the package and conduct him to the boss. George felt pardonable pride in the sound expertness of their organization. He was not at all hesitant to accept personal credit for a system of which he was no more than an insignificant tool.

By nature Cheever was not a nervous man, nor a communicative one; but the stealth of his mission was disconcerting. The sight of a figure merging out of the blackness was not unwelcome. As the pedestrian came nearer, George could discern the form of a man. Presently he distinguished a soldier's uniform.

Propped up against the rail, the patriot watched his approach. His steps were measured, slow and steady. When he had come within a few feet of George he grinned, almost shyly.

"Beg your pardon, sir, could you give me a light?"

"Sorry, bud, I ain't got a match," George replied, with more than usual civility.

"Well, sir," the soldier persisted, apologetically, "I have some right here, if you'd be good enough to strike one for

me. You see—I was trimmed in a poker game, and lost an arm.”

George’s dull mind pondered the grim jest, while for the first time he noticed that one khaki sleeve hung empty.

“Sure, gimme ’em.” Cheever struck a match, and for a moment their eyes met in the sudden flash. George quickly averted his.

“Thanks. Good isn’t it? The peace and quiet, I mean.”

“Huh? Oh yeah, yeah. Great. Say I get it. Ya mean ya was wounded in action, huh?” he deduced with what he considered remarkable cleverness.

“Yes.” The reply was in the nature of a long, deep sigh. “I was dumb enough to get in the way of the fireworks once too often, and ended up by making myself useless. So when I got out of the hospital I was shipped home.”

“Ya don’t sound too happy about it,” George contributed. “Even if ya did lose an arm ya oughta be glad yer home.”

“I guess it’s all in the way you look at it. But I’d give my other arm this minute to be back over there plugging with that swell bunch of guys.” The soldier’s voice was husky but enthusiastic.

“Don’t it feel good to be a hero?”

A soft laugh was his answer. “You’re an American, pal. You ought to know how heroism feels.”

“Yeah? Whadya mean by that crack?” the American bantered.

The serviceman shook his head. “It’s wonderful,” he said with admiration, “this American spirit. You civilians are the biggest bunch of heroes we have, and yet you seem utterly unconscious of it.”

“Look, bud, would ya mind lettin’ me in on what yer talkin’ about?”

“Sure I’ll tell you what I mean. When I was out there on the front I saw plenty of gallant boys doing great things—things like we read in history books in school, that made us get hot and cold all over, we were so proud to be Americans. But don’t let anyone tell you that those kids are the only heroes of this war. The rest of you people here at home are made of the same stock, and you’re giving just as good a performance.

“You know, it’s you folks that give our boys on the fighting front the courage and even the desire to go on. Your part in this is not so spectacular, but believe me we recognize and appreciate your quiet patriotism. I’ve come home to see my people—and I’m darned proud to say you are my people—fighting just as bravely as my buddies in the foxholes.

“We know you’ve had to take plenty on the chin. You’ve cut down on food without a squawk to see that we’re well fed. You’ve walked or jammed into subway cars and buses so we can have all the gas we need.” At this point George interrupted with sudden and violent coughing.

“This is pretty long winded,” the soldier apologized. “You don’t have to put up with it, you know.”

“I ain’t got nothin’ else to do,” George answered, hesitantly.

“Good. I wish we could tell all America how we feel about the great army behind the lines, right here on our own good soil. You take a wallop on your taxes, and then go out and put more than you can spare into war bonds. You’ve had to cut down on—in fact, pretty nearly give up—your pleasures and recreations, and you turn around and think up ways to entertain the boys. You never tire of keeping up our morale, when heaven knows why your own doesn’t crack when you send your kids all over the map.

“You give your blood to the Red Cross and your dough

to War Relief and U.S.O. Your women spend their time making bandages or inviting lonesome servicemen into your homes.

"Gosh, there's no need for me to keep this up. You know better than I what this war's costing you. And then when one of us comes home a casualty, you slap him on the back and make a big fuss over his heroism. Sure, he's a hero, but not because he collected a few hunks of Jap lead. He'd be a hero if he never put on a uniform, because he's an American. It's in his blood and he can't shake it. That's why we Army men thank God for the sacred privilege of fighting for our cause. We're in a mighty big hurry to finish up this job, because we have something worth coming home to."

George's mind was in great confusion. He leaned over the rail. Below was the silent, inky depths, surfaced with occasional glimmers of silver, like flying fish, as the faint moon peered from behind a drifting cloud.

He involuntarily shrank from the wounded soldier, clutching his package with vehemence. His impulse was to hurl the infamous bundle to watery destruction.

Then the patriot laughed at his momentary weakness. Two headlights beamed out of the night, and the low hum of a motor broke the stillness.

"That you, Cheever?" rasped a harsh voice as a long black car pulled up. George's hand was already on the door.

"Yeah," he retorted, unsteadily. "See ya later, soldier."

As the car pulled away, Cheever looked back in time to catch the soldier's farewell gesture. He breathed heavily, and spoke as if in relief.

"Good thing you showed up like ya said. That guy was gettin' to be a bad influence."

WIND MAGIC

Marion C. Drew, '44

Sculptor of Winter, caresser of Spring,
Summer's breeze, Autumn's tease . . .

Hark! while I sing.

Leap o'er the mountain, measure the moon,
Dance by the fountain, there Pan pipes a tune;
Rush down the hillside, and sing to the sea,
Come for a mill ride, a jig o'er the lea.

It rains: sit and laugh in the boughs of a tree,
Ripple glass panes with a light melody.
It storms: quell your protest, rebellion, disgrace,
Why flaunt your temper in Dame Nature's face?

At night, run and hide, softly chat with the stars,
Go for a ride on comet-tail cars.
Lo, day! see it dawn, there's work to be done;
Rest on a tree-top and welcome the sun.

Ah, Aeolus, Aeolus, this query forgive . . .
You who blow everywhere—where do you live?

NEAR MISS

Marie A. Thomas, '44

HENRY bit into his ham sandwich and stared gloomily across the Common. Little waves were rolling on the top of the Frog Pond. Hundreds of plump, bold pigeons were walking on the new grass, the ones near Henry eyeing his lunch and gabbling questioningly. Henry took no notice of them. He remained motionless except for the steady moving of his jaw. His whole attitude was one of utter oblivion of his attractive, brunette companion.

"Might I be so bold as to ask for your momentary kind consideration of what I am trying to tell you?" she queried sarcastically.

Henry stirred uncomfortably. "I'm listening, Jean, I'm listening. I was listening all the time."

"I am on my knees for even suspecting otherwise, Sir Galahad," she said tartly.

Henry sighed, took another bite of his sandwich, and looked her in the eye resignedly.

"And stop chomping! Look, Henry, I am now engaged in the difficult process of trying to explain something to you. I shall do it with the utmost simplicity, so that even a babe of two could not mistake my meaning. If you listen carefully, you will get the point."

Henry glared, irritated. "O.K., O.K., Jean. I know I acted rather dumb this morning, but do you have to rub it in? I . . . darn those pigeons, the place is infested with them."

"If," said Jean, "you stopped bringing your lunch out here every day you might get some peace from their racket."

"But you said that we have to save money. You said," persisted the bewildered Henry, "that if we both brought our lunches, we could save up to six dollars a week between us. You said . . ."

"Stop telling me what I said," snapped Jean. "You're just trying to change the subject. My hero! When I think of this morning in the office, I could, I could—die!"

Henry looked carefully nonchalant. He threw a crumb to a fat pigeon with what he considered a debonair manner.

"I always say that the best way that a girl can find out what her husband-to-be is going to be like," continued Jean, "is to work in the same office with him. It's so easy then to figure out if he is a strong, manly fellow, or just a little, shrinking coward who doesn't dare say 'Boo' to his boss, much less ask him . . ."

"Yeah, ask him for a raise," said Henry with her. "For Pete's sake, will you quit harping on the subject. All I hear for weeks at a time is 'Henry, are you going to ask him to-day?' 'Henry, ask him, ask him, ask him!' And then, when I do, at long last, I don't hear the end of it."

"Pardon me. Perhaps I didn't hear you correctly," said Jean. "You did say that you asked him for a raise this morning, did you not?"

Henry did not answer. He crossed his arms over his chest and stared out at the Frog Pond in a somewhat sitting-down Napoleonic pose.

"You march into his office as brave as all get-out and as big as life," continued Jean gratuitously refreshing his memory. 'Mr. Knowles,' you say, 'Mr. Knowles, may I have the favor of speaking with you for a minute?' 'Yes,' says Mr. Knowles, 'what is it, Perkins?'"

"Yeah, sure, he said it just like that," muttered Henry.

"Of course, you noted the kindly gleam in his little grey eyes, and the fatherly manner with which he fondled his letter opener."

" 'What is it, Perkins?' he says," Jean went on, ignoring Henry. "You look at him and don't say a word. 'What is it?' he asks again, in a kind and fatherly manner.

" 'Mr. Knowles,' you start, and begin gulping. Honestly you gulped just like a fish out of water," flared Jean, warming to her subject. "Then, when I think you are going to faint right there, you say suddenly, 'I just wanted to see you about the papers on the subject of *amalgatitris castigolum*. We must keep up with these *terranc patation filiments*,' you add. Then what do you do?"

"Nothing," said Henry belligerently.

"You grabbed his personal correspondence off the top of a nearby file and shot out of the office like a streak of light. Ugh! Double talk. The coward's way out."

Henry drew himself up to his full height preparatory to answering her. Then, he suddenly wilted.

"Aw, Jean, I give up. When it comes to approaching Mr. Knowles, I haven't got the bravery of a mouse." He hunched into his corner of the bench, and stared sadly ahead. "I'm just like, just like the Cowardly Lion in that story I read when I was a kid. All brawn, and no courage."

"Don't you believe that, Henry Perkins," said Jean, offended that any aspersion, even contumeliously, be cast on the man she intended to marry. "You are brave. You are the bravest man I ever met. Don't you go saying things like that about yourself," she sniffled.

Henry looked frightened. "Hey, don't cry, Jean," he pleaded awkwardly. He patted her on the shoulder in dismay. "Don't cry," he said again.

Jean's shoulders heaved under her neat, blue suit. Around the couple on the bench, the Common was pale green water color in the early promise of Spring. Pigeons continued to flutter around, getting underfoot, then flying away just in time to avoid being stepped on. A group of small boys was loitering on the opposite edge of the Frog Pond—a wistful group, longing for the swift approach of Summer and wading time.

Henry watched them absently. Jean continued to sob. Suddenly, the pigeon gathering disintegrated. Henry, in amazement, watched them all start to swarm up the hallowed trees nearby.

"They shouldn't do that," he said under his breath.

"I won't, Henry," she hiccupped over a sob.

"I didn't mean that," said Henry, not looking at her. "Jean!" His tone grew sharper. "What do you think can be the matter over there?" From across the Pond, they could hear frightened shouts.

They looked at each other. "Did you hear what I heard?" His face grew pale.

Jean nodded. "Muh-mad dog, I think it was, Henry. Did I say mad dog?" She screamed suddenly and sharply.

"Shut up!" shouted Henry, ungallantly. He pulled her up off the bench. His eyes narrowed as he saw a big, brown something galloping on the other side of the Pond.

"Henry!" Jean caught his arm with a grip that hurt. "He's—I think he's coming this way!"

Henry looked around. There was not a tree in proximity. Not one within fifty yards of them that could support any weight. Shelter was ruled out. There was nothing to do but hope that the animal would not see them.

Then the dog swerved as he came to the edge of the Pond

and began to run around its ripply perimeter. They both watched him with the fascination born of horror, unable to move. Suddenly, he was upon them. Henry thrust Jean behind him, and struck out at the dog. The dog leaped up on his outstretched arm. Henry saw that he was still holding the remains of the ham sandwich. He pushed it towards the dog's jaw.

The dog stopped short. He tossed his large, brown head, wagged his tail, and snapped at the sandwich.

"Henry," breathed Jean. "He's not mad at all."

* * *

They were both late for work that afternoon.

"Wait until you see this afternoon's editions of the papers," Jean greeted the curious office crowd. "Henry's a hero! He stopped a mad dog single handed. I mean . . . well, they found out later that he wasn't mad, but Henry didn't know that."

"Well, well, Perkins," chorused all the men.

"How brave you are, Henry," said all the women.

Henry merely nodded. The whole affair was worrying him slightly. This question of his bravery—much could be said on both sides. "Would any coward have done as I did?" he asked himself. He heard Jean telling someone the story again.

" . . . and imagine, Henry thought he was mad all the time, but he protected me, and . . . "

Maybe it was rather courageous of me, thought Henry. Maybe I'm a hero all the time and don't even know it. He straightened his shoulders. He got up from his chair, and strode into Mr. Knowles's office.

"Well, Perkins, man, what is it?" asked Mr. Knowles.

Henry looked him in the eye.

"I want a raise, Mr. Knowles," said Henry.

NOSTALGIC AT TWENTY

Barbara Foote, '44

The morn came swift on russet feet
Over the marsh
Dispelling the harsh
Gray fog, which wisped itself away.

I thought of a dawn long ago
When we stealthily crept
While everyone slept
To await the cool dayspring, at shore of the sea.

I heard your voice in the whip of the wind,
I remembered the thrill
Of your message still,
And the touch of your hand.

Now morning has flown, the day is full-blown.
Nostalgic at twenty—
Amidst Autumn beauty
I'm lonely . . . alone.

The sun in his going yet lingered o'er swamps
Till saffron they turned
And finally burned
Dull brown.
Lo! in panoplied glory, he's gone!

THE SUBWAY

Marie A. Thomas, '44

Beneath the city's soaring heights
 Writhes in thick black dark a mine
 Whose tortuous route without a sign
Of sunlight, twists through endless nights.
E'en Pluto strange would hold in fear
This caverned part of his kingdom drear.

High on the walls in misty glow
 Wink splendid jewels, crimson, gold,
 And gleaming emeralds: untold
Their worth in fortunes great all know.
While on the ground in shining flight
Sharp lines of silver pierce the night.

WINGED GOSSIP

Joan Clarke, '45

BOMBS careened wildly towards the earth. In the emergency station, the wounded men groaned as each explosion rocked the frail walls of the shelter. The room was dark except for the light of two small battery lamps. In the gloom, the slender khaki-clad nurse moved from cot to cot; here, changing a dressing; there, speaking a few words of comfort. One delirious soldier called out:

"Nurse, nurse, come here. I want to speak to you."

"Here I am, soldier," she answered.

"Gee, nurse, do you know what I should like to do most of all right now?"

"No. What?"

Thundering overhead made the walls tremble.

"I'd like to see my girl. She's back in Minnesota. That's where I come from. She's pretty. Blue eyes . . . blonde hair . . . sort of com . . . she . . . she . . ."

The young soldier had dropped off to sleep from pain and exhaustion. Jane Louise rose slowly. She was thinking of Bill. She hadn't heard from him in months. Three weeks ago, she had embarked for overseas duty. Just before leaving, she was at a party for American Aviators in New York. It was a gay party. Voices drifted towards her as she sat at a table.

"That Kendrickson? He's quite the boy. Been overseas about three months, hasn't he? Some flier! Heard he was engaged to some English girl."

Jane was struck dumb. Bill—the man she loved; the man

she believed loved her. True, he hadn't written, but she thought that he was in some station where mail didn't come through. But London! Letters came through from there every day. The next day, she had embarked. The roaring of the big guns awakened her from her reverie. The pounding of the shells, the whistling, eerie note of the bombs as they sped towards the earth, all mingled together in the horrible chasm of noise.

Armed with a hypodermic needle, she made the rounds of the eight beds. Soon, the wounded dozed off. She saw the time marked by the illuminated hands of her watch. Ten-forty. At ten-thirty, the ambulance should have come. If it delayed much longer, some of these men would be in serious danger. Her nerves were on edge. She busied herself sorting bandages and preparing dressings.

At eleven o'clock, the ambulance driver and the doctor clambered down the stairs. Joe, the driver, had been shot in the arm. They both looked completely fagged.

"Sorry, we're late," said the doctor. "We ran into a nest of snipers on the way up. We had to pick up a couple of wounded fliers, too."

Jane gave her attention to Joe's arm. The young corporal gritted his teeth, as she cleansed the wound and bandaged it.

"Bullet. Just grazed you, Joe. You're lucky."

"Yeah, and don't I know it. Ouch!"

"There. I'm finished."

The doctor had concluded his examination of the wounded man and came towards the nurse.

"I want to get these men out of here as quickly as possible, nurse. Several of them are about done in—especially that one."

He pointed to the boy from Minnesota who was breathing

heavily and convulsively. Joe and the doctor began to move the men. Jane helped them, soothing the badly wounded and joking with those who still managed to keep cheerful despite pain.

Outside, oddly enough, it seemed to Jane like the Fourth of July. Red, blue, and silver flashed in the darkness. White searchlights combed the sky for the enemy. The noise was deafening.

The three worked quickly. In ten minutes, the van rolled slowly down the road. Jane sat in the back with the doctor and the wounded. The road to the base hospital was rocky. In order to avoid snipers, it was necessary to take that road, which led up beyond the hills into an adjoining valley by a little used route. Joe drove slowly. The truck crawled ahead. Bump . . . bump . . . bump . . .

In the flash of the battery lamp which the doctor held, she saw the face of the boy from Minnesota. He was awake. Staring eyes looked out of his white, drawn face. He was muttering deliriously . . .

"Blue eyes, and such pretty hair. Always liked blondes. She was different. Funny she doesn't write. The mail comes through. Funny . . . "

Jane called the doctor. Their faces, illuminated in the glow of the lamp, were bent over the boy. They listened. A lock of hair had fallen down over the boy's forehead. Jane pushed it back gently. One faint gasp . . . They arose, and covered the body.

Although her heart was heavy with sadness, Jane continued to minister to the soldiers. All through her automatic actions, one thought pounded in her mind. Love . . . love . . . love. Bump . . . bump . . . bump. Perhaps it is better not to love at all, she thought. She moved to the back of

the van, where lay the two fliers whom the doctor had picked up. One was asleep. The other began to talk to her.

"We're almost there," she said.

"Yeah. I know. I was wondering what happened to my pal. He was shot down with us. Did you see him in your shelter. Name was Kendrickson. A mechanic on our plane."

Cold fear shot through her body.

"Kendrickson, did you say?"

"That's right. He went out to get help for us."

"What's his first name?"

"Bill. Bill Kendrickson. A great guy and a great flier. But he got washed out as a pilot a while back on account of some accident."

"Was he ever stationed in London?"

"No. He's been at Pearl Harbor and Manila since he's been in. And that's about three months."

Jane smiled in the darkness.

Suddenly, the doors of the ambulance were flung open. The orderly started to lift out the men. She stepped out of the van. She looked up. She saw . . . Bill!

"Bill! They said . . ."

He smiled down at her.

"I was washed out, you know. That's why I didn't write."

With her arm supporting him, they walked into the hospital.

TRYST WITH TREASON

Jeanne Harney, '45

I JUST can't stand it!"

Yes, it was worth it; it was well worth it. His wife's desires governed his better judgment. After all, this was war. War disrupted people's lives; war wreaked fearful havoc. Why should they have to bear the brunt of suffering?

In his trim business suit and well-brushed Homburg, he looked no different from any of the other pushing males who were elbowing their way aboard the bus. He furtively looked behind him. He hoped he would see no one he knew, no one who could possibly tell the story, if he were caught. That cursed briefcase! He felt as if every one of the passengers knew of its contents. Why did he do it? It was the war; that was it, the war. His wife had made his decision for him. He wanted her to be happy. He wanted her to have all she had been used to.

It had been so easy, the day the promoter came to his office.

"This war makes it a little hard for us all, but still there is no reason why *everyone* should suffer . . . "

"But, the government . . . "

"It seems to me those boys who have given the most any human being could give would have wanted the individual to benefit from this, even though the masses couldn't."

That didn't sound unpatriotic. Suave, that was the word for the promoter.

"What if I'm caught? My wife . . . I have a profession . . . a reputation."

"That's it, your wife. You've been telling me how hard the war is making things for you. If you had a son fighting, wounded, perhaps, dying on some battle front, don't you think it would be his desire that his mother enjoy the years left to her?"

That had decided him. The golden sunlight spread upon the grey rug. The promoter's foot broke the shaft leaving a sombre shadow. Yes, he had his wife to consider.

"I'll . . . I'll call you before dinner, tonight."

"The opportunity won't wait that long. You'll have to make your decision now."

After all, it wasn't exactly selling out the country. He wouldn't be another Benedict Arnold, by any means. Other people had done it. He loved his wife. He couldn't bear to see the drawn lines that came every time the grim finger of War touched her. How would she accept this move of his?

The bus drew up to the curb and disgorged its passengers. He didn't want to seem too eager to get away, so he forced himself to approach casually the hotel entrance. The door-man swung the door open for him. For a moment, he hesitated. Should he bring this—this trouble into the security of his home? No—no one would know.

The elevator ride was a journey of a thousand years. He stepped off, reached his door, and quietly turned the knob. He entered the dimly-lighted living room.

"Pet!"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm home."

"Hard day? Oh, darling, I have had the most hectic day.

I tramped over all this city, and do you think I could find . . . ”

Now was the time. He silenced her with a gesture. He put the briefcase on the table. He took from it a manila envelope. She gazed transfixed. Breathing a long-drawn breath, she moved to kiss him . . .

“Darling! Nylons!!”

ESCAPE

Margaret Mooney, '44

White-capped waves upon a storm-tossed sea
Silvery, gleaming, satin-lustred clouds
Which breast blue skies, patterns alluring me,
Frail, snow-white blossoms springing from the sod—
To sing such beauties, you, my soul, are fain;
But ah, such rapture now I seek in vain.
What once I felt which made my spirit soar,
Do what I will, returns to me no more.

EDITORIALS

Silver Jubilee Achievement:

This year the twenty-fifth Freshman Class entered Emmanuel College. Almost seven times larger in number than the first group to matriculate, this class shows concretely one phase of the advance our college has made in so short a time.

Yet the Class of 1947 and the Class of 1923 stand equal on one score. Our new Freshmen are already well on their way to the steady absorption of the same fundamental precepts of truth and good that twenty-four classes before them learned and are disseminating up to the present day. For while our curriculum changes, expands, and adapts itself to the standards of current needs, our philosophy remains the same, unaltered and unalterable, holding fast to the principles of truth which Christ taught, which the Church explained in the fullness of human capacity, which our great philosophers have proved logically, insofar as reason can explore them. Ours is not a philosophy which veers according to the transitional theory winds of different ages. It stands an objective entity, the same now as when Origen wrote, taught as it was taught by Peter, immutable, inextinguishable.

Emmanuel College has given to society women who are outstanding in every field available to them. In medicine and art, in sciences and in culture, from the provinces of education to the routine of military life, representatives from our college stand high. The fact that they are all spreading, as it is inevitable that they do, the convictions of high and ethical actions is one of the reasons that we honour them

most. Conditions are constantly changing, yet we know, beyond doubt, that the fiftieth and the one-hundredth class to graduate from Emmanuel College will stand solidly upon the same basis of religion which is our foundation. We can point with pride to the achievements of our graduates; we are prouder of the fact that they live up to the meaning of *Emmanuel*.

M. T. '44

Opinion, where art thou?

A few weeks ago, John Roy Carlson, author of *Under Cover*, while lecturing in Cambridge for the sale of War Bonds, was greeted by women with the cries of "Red!" and "Communist!" Granted that his real purpose in exposing the methods of the underground Nazi and Fascist organizations is questionable, and that he is, apparently, salaried by the Russian Government, it is doubtful that all of the women who mobbed him had a clear idea of why they did so.

Some people, whether they know the facts of the situation or not, feel a dutiful urge as citizens loudly to proclaim an opinion. Unfortunately, these people are so earnest and vociferous in their sympathies that they give the impression of championing the right, and of knowing why they do so. In reality, they attach themselves to the side which, at a glance, claims support, which possesses more human interest. If they were to study the situation, they would probably find that the subject had phases which they had not even guessed. Furthermore, they would be likely to be convinced that they were displaying less general human interest than personal interest.

Many of the women who insulted Carlson can be put in the same category as the white citizens who gave impetus to the recent Detroit race riots. They paraded the streets of the colored section of Detroit looking for trouble. They had only an imperfect conception of a grievance.

During the feud between the zoot-suiters and the servicemen, partisans appeared in groups throughout the nation. They violently championed either the zoot-suiters or the servicemen, according to their personal sympathies. Despite the fact that the troublesome zoot-suiters were young Mexicans in California, servicemen, as well as all others over the country made a point of persecuting any young fellow who was wearing the Party uniform; a long coat with preposterous shoulder padding, baggy trousers with tight cuffs, a yard-long watch chain, and a broad-brimmed hat. Needless to say, the Zooters did not suffer such treatment unprotestingly. They retaliated on any luckless servicemen in their vicinity. The point is, that both sides shouted for the rights of democracy and practised anarchy. The Zooters accused the soldiers of denying the pursuit of happiness, which, for them, consisted, evidently, in wearing the Dalian-hued party uniform. The soldiers accused the zoot-suiters of ingratitude towards the defenders of democracy. The root of the difficulty was the basic antagonism between the social classes. This antagonism manifested itself in belligerence and revenge.

The *Gallup Poll* provides an outlet for people who would display hasty opinions. The *Poll* advises, "Just answer 'Yes' or 'No'." Very few interested, though meagerly-informed, people are courageous enough to write "I don't know." It is made so easy to make a definite choice.

If "Gold-star Mother" and "Just a Taxpayer" who earnestly advise how to win the war and to secure the peace, could

be convinced that they are not obligated to give an opinion; that at the utmost their opinions are only personal opinions, then, they might be persuaded that a little restraint is a necessary characteristic of life and of art. If this happy state could be arrived at, there would be a surprising decrease in the violence, childish rows, and general discord which now accompany the presentation of a problem to be solved or a task to be accomplished.

B. G. '44

All God's Children:

One of the sore spots in our negro problem is gradually being removed by an enlightened Army and Navy. Today the negro has his place in all branches of service. He has also his own officers to give orders. (cf. Holy Cross Purple, p. 52, Vol. LVI, No. 1).

Does this above statement connote a great advancement in the solution of the inter-racial problem—that the negro serviceman has his own company and his own officers? It hardly seems so. It has the color of a mid-Victorian compromise. It neither plumbs the depths of the question, nor faces the obvious truth. To term the condition a problem is to be guilty of a misnomer. The answer is known, the only answer. It is, therefore, no problem; it is white prejudice.

I ask you, whites, who are you to be so fastidious about your person? Who are you to draw apart from a y of God's creatures? Who are you to feel repulsion or repugnance at having to take a command from a black officer?

"His place . . . his own officers." Now *is* the time for unprejudiced, permanent advancement in the breaking down of this barrier. An armed forces command is to be obeyed without question. If the command to die together is obeyed, why not a command to live together? But the armed forces have segregated the negro, and are continuing to stumble in the miry rut trodden in the last few centuries. They still stamp the negro as a problem, socially, mentally, and morally. There should be another Burns to sing "Man's inhumanity to man."

B. F. '44

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Commandos—New Style:

People who hold that the junction of Tremont and Boylston Streets is the coldest corner in Boston have never struggled against the wind which roars down the Fenway on winter mornings. Where Louis Pasteur Avenue and the Fenway intersect, is the exact point where tumultuous climactic conditions reach their peak or depth, whichever a meteorologist would label it. Noah Webster has yet to tabulate the words which would be adequate to describe the absolute iciness of the wind. That same wind so gleefully polishes our noses to a deceptively warm-looking red. Only superlatives could function to describe the plumbless depth of the snow, the slithery slipperiness of the ice, the cutting cruelty of the sleet. Education at Emmanuel does a lot for us, but the *Commando* training we all get on the side by travelling to its Gothic entrance every day will classify us 1-A physically . . . unless it kills us first.

O Woeful State!

Maligned and mocked and scorned and teased, Radio Announcer, please do not faint from shocked surprise, when I say I sympathize. No matter how with words you fence, you never please your audience.

Say "rash-un", to your consternation, half the listeners of the nation will write you angry declarations filled with maddened purple passion that some morons still say "rash-un."

Now, put it in the other way—the other half is sure to say that it is crude and most bourgeois to sound the "ay" for a cultured "ah."

What about the serials that clog our poor air-erials? You must hear with tortured ear catastrophe from year to year and utter no complaint. What's more, after each and e'en before you utter word of sympathy, hear purr the sponsor's urgent plea to buy some Krispie Krunchie Flakes, the cereal that rejuvenates.

Oh, I could sing without abate upon your sad, downtrodden state; but all I meant to do was rise and say in short, with streaming eyes, I sympathize, I sympathize.

* * *

The War's To Blame:

In these days of "Pistol Packin' Mama" and "All Or Nothing At All"—(mostly, nothing at all, as far as the food situation is concerned) one wonders if after all, it is better to be . . . or not to be. The "Pay as you go" Plan digs deep into the weekly pay envelope, the gesture keeping rhythm to the wage-earners' lilt, "You'll Never Know Just How Much I'll Miss You."

The favorite source of amusement, I am loathe to say, slips along from A-ds to R-adio, in the same old moronic way.

Mother fervently prays that the coal which she ordered in the gone fair month of May will be in the bin before Christmas fades away.

Viewing the all-out "less" situation from a psychological slant, we can readily understand why "Murder, he says", and "Strictly from hunger" are the present favorite expressions of our emotional condition.

* * *

A Junior at a neighboring college found work in a defense plan this summer. During her first day on the job, she was greeted by a friendly young soul who said—

"So you go to college, huh? Whatcha studyin' to be?"

"I," replied the proud student, "am studying to be an economist."

Not long after that conversation, the young college girl found herself to be the focus of much embarrassing attention and furtive curiosity. The reason was apparent when she learned that the friendly young soul had circulated around the plant the information that the college girl was studying to be a communist. Where was Roy Carlson with his *Under Cover*?

* * *

Silver Is As Silver Does:

Now that the new silver penny has been recalled from circulation, the smile of approval must once more beam on the faces of American clergymen. Ethically, this act of Uncle Sam's was doing much for the *non-morale* in certain sections. We are told that many could not resist the temptation to slip them into church collections, and into subway slots. The descent down the primrose path can be begun by the tiny push of a silver penny. How strong the weak!

* * *

Little Girl You've Had a Busy Day:

A hot and flustered bakery sales girl, who had been doing rush business all day was asked by a late-arrived customer,

"May I have a dozen of jelly doughnuts?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'm, they've just left."

Which reminds us that the only difference between a working girl and a college girl is that one works for pay, and the other pays for work.

* * *

À Propos:

An aviation student from one of our Eastern Air-Training Centers had tried, in vain, to contact the commanding officer for a week-end pass. One morning, as the student was bringing the plane in, the motor stalled, and the plane colliding, overturned. With the exception of a shaking up, neither instructor nor student was seriously hurt.

The commanding officer was much concerned about the accident. In his best fatherly manner, he asked the young student if he could do anything for him.

"Yes," the startling response came quickly. "Please give me a week-end pass."

Burden Lightly Borne:

In our opinion, one of the most fascinating jobs that we were aware of during the past year belongs to the boy who holds up the *encore* announcements at the Pops. We think, longingly, now of his duties. After a storm of tumultuous applause following a selection, Mr. Fiedler returns to the podium and waves his baton towards the back of the stage. Then, up pops our hero with the big white card on which is lettered the title of the *encore*. All rejoice to see him. All hang on his slightest action, straining to see what his card indicates. After a solemn pause during which he holds his position, he sits down, and relaxes. His job is finished until the time for the next *encore*.

From the vantage point of that part of the balcony which hangs over the stage, and from the sophisticated atmosphere of the orchestra tables, we have devoted much time to watching sharply this lad's part of the stage. We have never seen him playing any instrument. Perhaps he does, and we have been mistakenly watching someone else all the time. Be that so, yet we would rather remain in the pseudo-error of thinking that his only duty is sacred guardian of the *encore* cards.

Still, all may not be roses with his job. It carries a weight of responsibility. Naturally, the cards must be stacked in perfect order, or the results would be catastrophic. We have dwelt, in our moments of meditation, on the possibilities of error. We shuddered at the imagined effect. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra knowing the schedule in advance, are probably poised to plunge right into the next selection. . . . Imagine the confusion, the horror of the moment when Mr. Fiedler and the *encore*-card-boy discover simultaneously that someone has sabotaged the arrangement!

CURRENT BOOKS

The Life and Works of Beethoven. By John Burk. New York: Random House, 1943. 483 pages.

No sentimental hero-worship, this biography is a candid presentation of the life of one of the greatest geniuses the world has known. It often happens that in writing a biography, the author is influenced to portray his subject with partiality and one-sidedness, and is too engrossed in making him out a saint or a blackguard to give his work any real value. However, Mr. Burk has succeeded in presenting Beethoven in a human light without glossing over his faults or exaggerating his virtues.

The book is divided into two distinct sections. The first is the story of Beethoven's life. This part is satisfyingly complete and shows evidence of thorough and painstaking research. It is finely detailed from the account of his early life through the astonishing maze of his career to the sad ending of his days. Throughout the whole work, Beethoven stands out as a Titan whose proud genius defies pity where others would have sought it, whose magnificent music came pouring from his soul even at his moments of blackest despair. That he can be all this and yet remain completely natural and human to the reader is due to the skill with which Mr. Burk has done his work.

The second part of the book is a discussion of Beethoven's works. This, the amateur may find a little abstruse, but anyone who is at all familiar with the symphonies and the sonatas will at least be able to follow it. The discussions are supplemented with illustrations from the music itself: here again the ability to read music will make for more complete appreciation. There is also an appendix which lists many recordings. Anyone who is starting a collection will find it an excellent skeleton on which to build.

This is one of the few modern books which must be "chewed and digested". It is not written on so technical a musical plane that the uninitiated will have difficulty in following it, nor is it "written down" in the condescending manner which many experts affect. Altogether, it is an excellent book which can be read and reread.

Marie Thomas, '44

Twilight of Civilization. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by Lionel Landry. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1943. 65 pages.

This slim book comprises the text of a lecture given by M. Maritain in Paris on February 8, 1939, in the Marigny Theatre. However, it provides us with an excellent treatise on Modern Humanism, its defects, and their remedies. In the first section, *The Crisis of Modern Humanism*, M. Maritain states that man today believes himself to be self-sufficient; thus he fails to realize the necessity of a God. This follows from a lack of understanding of man, himself. A new humanism must supplant the old by being the "discovery of a more profound and real sense of the dignity of the human person." M. Maritain then points out the fallacies of the great anti-Christian forces: Fascism, Nazism, and Communism. He emphatically advocates the humanism of the Incarnation, as it is the only remedy against the evils that surround us in our day. This type of humanism he defines as one that considers man in the integrality of his natural and supernatural being. "It sets no *a priori* limits to the descent of the divine into man." Christian Humanism, then, is the only remedy for the ills of man.

The precepts, love your neighbors and your enemies, have been long disregarded. But they must be regarded. Christ must be brought back into the lives of the people and into their governments. We must follow the gospels. They are our code. The doctrine of *love* is particularly stressed by M. Maritain. (Please, then, why the slur on the French Government?) M. Maritain cites the pronouncements of President Roosevelt and Walter Lippman to show that they realize the necessity of religion as a source of democracy. Might there, then, be hope of a dawn?

Although many ideas in this work are subject to discussion among philosophers, nevertheless it fulfills its purpose of showing that, though at present, civilization is clouded by the twilight of false doctrines, dawn is bound to follow in the light of a new humanism, when man will regard man as an image of God.

As is customary with M. Maritain, he writes this treatise in fairly clear style but with questionable terms. It is an extremely important contribution because it clearly elucidates the remedy for obliterating the false doctrines of Nazism and Communism. According to M. Maritain, this is far from being a simple task. There is no doubt that unless the principles of Christ and His Church are incorporated into the Peace plan, the world will find itself in the unnatural state of twilight.

Louise Mercier, '44

Guadalcanal Diary. By Richard Tregaskis. New York: Random House, 1943. 263 pages.

Richard Tregaskis, an eye-witness of a wide panorama of events, presents his material in the form of a diary. He shows a war correspondent's slant on the development of war activities. His thrilling account of his own experiences shows us that his life was closely tied up with the rugged life of the Marines, into which he gives us intimate insight. There is not a dull page in the book. In fact, we are keyed up to high tension from the time Tregaskis lands on the Solomons, August 7, 1942, until his departure in a B-17 on reconnaissance mission on September 26.

Japanese bombing raids and dug-out experiences are recorded in a brisk, journalistic fashion. Although, on the whole, the diary would not reach top-literary-flight, yet, here and there it shows purple patches. Watching a Japanese air raid during the expedition to Mantanikay, Tregaskis writes: "I saw three of the Japs, silvery and beautiful in the high sky. They were so high that they looked like a slender white cloud moving slowly across the blue. But through my field glasses, I could see the silvery white bodies quite distinctly: the thin wings, the two slim engine needles, the shimmering arcs of the propellers. I was surprised that enemy air craft flying overhead with obvious intention of dropping high explosives upon us could be so beautiful."

The battle of the Ridge is observed by Tregaskis from the advantageous observation post where cruisers and destroyers could be seen bombing the shore line. Snapshots of the men in service are shown in this connection. There is something very vital and moving in the stark narrative of this incident, engendering, as it does, pangs of sympathetic suffering in the reader.

Tregaskis has given an exact portrayal of actualities which confirms the truth of Sherman's definition of war. The canvas of events in the South Pacific must be black-out dark. The weeks which Tregaskis spent in Guadalcanal territory have been aptly called "the Gethsemane of Guadalcanal."

The format of the book merits praise. Maps of Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Florida Islands, Solomon Islands, New Guinea, give us a proper orientation. Pictures of scenes of Henderson Field, the Marines on the Waterfront, and the battle sites after the expedition to Mantanikay, add to the value of the book.

Virginia McMabon, '44

The Firedrake. By Elgin Groseclose. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1942. 354 pages.

The Firedrake is a psychological novel portraying the life of Abigail Carfax, a nineteenth century novelist. Elgin Groseclose had a double interest in writing this book. He marked between the lines of Abigail's works a tragic, human story; he admired the missionary accomplishments of her husband, Martin, with whose work in Iran, Mr. Groseclose, as a fellow-missioner, is familiar.

When her two children reached school age, Abigail left her husband's mission in Persia to return to Boston for their education. This was her apparent purpose. But deep within, and almost hidden from herself, was a strong desire for freedom from all restraint. She discovered a latent talent for writing. Her novels filled with her own restless, unbridled seeking, reflected as well the hectic gold-rush, railroad-boom days just prior to the Civil War. They were instantly popular.

The one truly admirable character in the book is Dr. Helder. He too had followed the *Firedrake* in youth; but he had the spiritual courage to retrieve his errors and to start anew. Not so, Abigail; for hers is a mere superficial questioning of what lies beyond the horizon of this hurried and hurrying world, in the meshes whereof she is entangled. A publication of her new novel would cause her to forget all distress, even to forget her very responsibilities.

The other characters are, for the most part, pallidly drawn. At the beginning of the novel, Martin is depicted a strong, stalwart missionary, with high ideals and a strong sense of duty. However, once his wife and children have left him, his influence in their lives is of the slightest. The children, too, seem rather shadowy, unreal figures.

Because of the biographical character of the novel, Mr. Groseclose is somewhat limited in plot construction. Granted this, yet there does not seem to be sufficient motivation for many of the actions; e.g. Jason's quick departure and complete disappearance. The ending of the story is too abrupt. The reader feels cheated of satisfaction. However, Mr. Groseclose does catch the impulsive, thoughtless, materialistic spirit of the 1860's. Because of this, Abigail Carfax's tragedy should interest the reader as an indication of the pernicious forces at work during this period of our history.

Marion Riley, '44

The Cup and the Sword. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. New York: The Bobbs Merrill Company, 1943. 400 pages.

The Cup and the Sword is the story of the immigrant Rambeau family, masters of the art of wine making. Jean-Philippe Rambeau is the proud head of the family. His forthrightness coupled with his fine understanding of human nature binds the family in unbreakable bonds even after his death. The family likeness finds its first break in the character of one of his descendants, John. He wholly inherited the skill of wine-making, but there his resemblance to the Rambeau tradition ends. The iron-bound, cool, calculating tendencies of Jean-Philippe are lost in the passionate eagerness and impetuous qualities of the younger generation. John is their spokesman.

With this younger generation, a new atmosphere permeates the story. Particularly vivid, perhaps too much so, is the portrayal of the undercurrent of revolution among the laborers in the vineyards. The intermingling of foreigners, desirous of carrying to completion their idea of American freedom, is the cause of the radical change in the business methods of the industry.

As a family, the Rambeaus recall Galsworthy's Forsytes. The group is used to show the effects of the changing times on the old methods and customs. This book is an oasis relief from the burden of war-flavored novels which pour so continuously from the presses. It holds attention through the medium of its story and its style which is alive, clear, nervous, and virile.

Rose Cafasso, '44

See Here, Private Hargrove. By Marion Hargrove. New York: Henry Holt & Company, 1942. 211 pages.

Private Marion Hargrove begins his side-splitting account of what happened when he entered the army by telling gratuitously and kindly all Selectees just what to do in order to stay out of trouble during their stay in camp. But for what eventuates when his rules are not followed—read the case of Private Hargrove, U.S.A.

Private Hargrove with delightful insouciance, gives an uproarious account of what happened to him from the time he received the letter, "The President of the United States to Marion Hargrove. Greeting . . ." He wittily tells of his adventures when they attempted to make him a cook, on to his experiences with the "vitamin deposits" which are used to nourish the flower beds of Fort Bragg. He is the despair of his Sergeant because he salutes non-commissioned officers, then passes the Captain without a nod. He stands for a Corporal. He keeps his feet on the desk when the General enters the room. He is a finished twentieth century *Handy Andy*.

The book contains, for the information of civilians, a glossary of army *slanguage*, symbolically apt and fit. It is funny, zestful, alive. After reading this book, any parent should feel better about the welfare of Junior when he is drafted, for beneath the cover of outrageousness and "high-jinks" humor, we see the fitness and adaptability of the potential American soldier.

It would have been too bad if Marion Hargrove had followed his own advice when he entered the Army, for thereby the American public would have been denied a spate of hearty laughs over the pitfalls that ensnare Hargrove while he was a Private. The news has since come out that, in some mysterious way, Private Marion Hargrove is well on his way up the ladder of military promotion. We extend our congratulations.

Patricia M. Twobig, '44

Burma Surgeon. By Gordon S. Seagrave, Lt. Col. M.C. (U. S. Army Forces in China, Burma, and India.) New York: The W. W. Norton Company, Inc., 1943. 295 pages.

Do you believe in dreams? Seagrave had a dream and it came true. Armed with courage and stick-to-it-iveness, he entered Burma in 1922. Encouraged by the enthusiasm of "Tiny", his wife and the devotion to duty of a handful of Shan and Karen nurses (whom he had trained himself) he took up his "wastebasket of surgical tools" and vigorously worked to accomplish an end. His great desire was to build hospitals along the Burma Road. His dream of a "Mother" hospital came true at Namkham. There, he and his company built, not by contract, but with their own hands—"by hauling stones in broken down trucks". Seagrave's frank account shows the gradual curing of a deadly-diseased population. Nothing in the way of difficulties and dangers failed to weaken his "drive."

During his twenty years of practicing surgery among the Burmese, Seagrave graduated from the rank of plain medical missionary to Lt. Col. under General Sitwell. His cases and difficulties now multiplied. But wherever he went, he carried with his surgical instruments a brave optimism and a sheer joy of solving a medical problem. In a sincere, unpretentious manner, the Doctor tells us of his darkest hour—the Jap bombing of his years of work at Namkham.

Burma Surgeon tells his story with delightful humor and striking simplicity. A great doctor is rarely a great writer. Nor is he in this instance. His works rather than his words speak the best for him. But as this is a story of courage it is bound to grip the heart and thrill the being. Where courage is held high, there *Burma Surgeon* will be applauded.

Louise Mercier, '44

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